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THE

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

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FROM WOODSTOCK TO ZIZERS.

From Woodstock to Zizers is a long way, and to give you all the incidents of my journey and voyage would take more space than you can spare in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. Travelling in war times is not without its drawbacks and even dangers. What a hearty thanksgiving before the Blessed Sacrament in our devotional little chapel I made, when at last I was safe in my new home! Let me share a few of my experiences with you.

Very Reverend Father General, in his letter dated June 23rd, and received early in August, telling me of my election as American Assistant, stated that I should see the various Provincials of the Assistancy. He implied, and later expressed his wish, that I should also visit whatever houses time and opportunity would permit me to see. That meant covering big territory. I was not able to start from New York until August 26. Woodstock is such a clearing house of ideas on all parts of the United States, that I should waste time in trying to enlighten anybody there as to what lies on the map between Boston Bay and the Golden Gate and between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. Then too, the attempt to do so might only start controversies about the respective merits of North and South, East and Middle West and Far West. Let me meet all on common ground and I assure them, from whatever section they come, that I realize as never before the vast expanse of the entire country, its great material wealth and splendor everywhere, its tremendous activity and progress, not merely in exploiting the magnificent resources it possesses, but also in the higher sphere of thought and culture, along educational and social lines,

and consequently the great importance of directing aright its principles of action, its moral and religious tendencies. It is comforting and profitable, too, to see for myself, as I passed over this vast territory, with its tremendous possibilities for the future, what big work the Society is doing everywhere in all these diverse parts of our extreme and prosperous United States. The only regret was, not that there was lack of zeal or good will or of opportunity, but rather that there is such a dearth of men for the doing of the big work before us. This reflection brought to my mind the wisdom of what St. Ignatius insists on in his constitutions (p. 7, c. 2, Declar, D, E, F), namely, that we should not scatter our forces injudiciously, but concentrate them and use them where and in the manner in which they can do the greater and more lasting good. In the training of his men he aimed at efficiency, looking out for quality and high calibre, not bare mediocrity, for thorough not superficial work. He did not intend that his men thus trained should take up any kind of work, but should carefully select that which is calculated to yield the most telling results, in importance and extent, for souls and for God's greater glory. His object was that well-equipped intellectually and spiritually, they should especially train leaders everywhere, who would exert a strong influence for good in every walk of life. On this account he accorded so large a share of his interest to education. And so for the various exercises of the ministry, he prefers that we instruct and direct rather than busy ourselves with all the ordinary and immediate details of certain activities, which are apt to take up too much of our valuable time and can well be left to other available workers. By thus training others for work which we cannot attend to in detail ourselves, we multiply ourselves and our apostolic ministry and achieve the greater good for the greater number. So much for my journey in the U. S. Then came the voyage across the water. What a tale my passport could tell! It had its troubles not merely in the States, but also in France and Switzerland. The fact is that during the war all ocean travelling was discouraged in order to secure every available space for the soldiers, for food and ammunition. One had to prove the urgent emergency of one's trip. I finally succeeded in securing my passport and the visas of the Spanish, French, and Swiss Consuls, I had intended to go on a

Spanish vessel, but the sailings when I was ready to start were on inconvenient dates, and so I took the "Niagara," a French liner. This left New York harbor on November 19; therefore shortly after the armistice had been declared. There was quite a motley and unique gathering aboard the steamer. It had both a cosmopolitan and a military air, as nearly everyone had some war aim for his trip. Among others there were 500 Polish soldiers, volunteers from the United States, who were on the way to help liberate their unfortunate country; nearly 200 Czecho-Slavs; many French soldiers, among them a portion of the famous legion étrangère; a Belgian soldier, a Serbian officer; contingents of the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and Salvation Army; a United States official who was on his way to Paris as a member of the International Industrial Commission; a French Consul from Japan, the Bishop of Arras too, Rt. Rev. Julien and his Vicer-General, along with Monsignor Baudrillart, Rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris were there, as was also a Franciscan father from Canada.

I learned that most of the Red Cross nurses were sisters of our soldiers in France. During actual war time they were not allowed to go across, as General Pershing objected on the ground that the close relationship might interfere with their efficiency. Sisters would be worrying about their brothers in the trenches or at the front, perhaps only a few miles away. Brothers, too, would be anxious about their sisters. Leave to visit each other would be asked and so attention taken from the war work in hand. This fact illustrates our 8th rule of the Summary, about relatives and friends, from the view point of mere efficiency. The war has indeed taught us the importance of many another rule, for instance, restrictions and regulations were made for the sake of averting danger or conserving our forces and resources. We have only to recall what the S. A. T. C. had to submit to, how prompt rising was insisted on, how everywhere letters were censored; then the food regulations and a thousand other details, to see how constant vigilance was considered the price of victory. "And they for a corruptible crown, we for an uncorruptible one."

Altogether our passenger list with its varigated uniforms, decorations, activities, motives, etc., was a fair reflex of the seethingness of nations with their religions,

political, social and national problems. There was a feeling of feverish unrest, of uncertainty about the future, and of an eager willingness to help in the reconstruction. All seemed to realize what was before them.

The weather going across the ocean was good for the season of the year; not at all stormy, though cloudy and misty. The priests were able to say mass every day. On one of the days we had a mass out on the deck for the Polish soldiers who are practically all Catholics. There were some sad incidents. A French soldier who was "shell shocked" jumped overboard and his body could not be found. Three Czecho-Slavs died of the grippe. They were buried at sea, the steamer halting for a moment.

After eleven days we reached Bordeaux, at 5 P. M. on November 30. Some of my troubles now began. The French legend of my visa on the passport read "sans arrêt pour aller en Suisse." The Bordeaux official interpreted that as meaning that I must take the next train for Switzerland. Accordingly I bought my ticket for Bellegarde, a French frontier town near Switzerland, and boarded the 10 P. M. train. This fact was noted by an official on my passport. The latter has to be presented at every turn. In France especially they are very particular with regard to travellers going to Switzerland, where plotters against the Entente are supposed to find their work easier than in any of the allied countries. My train was full of soldiers. In fact, almost any train you take anywhere in France is, so I was told, monopolized by soldiers. This is not surprising when you consider that along with the prisoners coming from Germany, Switzerland, etc., there are several million soldiers in France. I found, therefore, great confusion at the stations, which were usually crowded with soldiers, and on the trains where the distinction of first, second and third class passengers was practically obliterated. The trains too were very slow. My route did not take me through any of the country devastated by the war, but I had interesting chats with soldiers, especially with some of our American boys. They had much to tell; one, a young Catholic from Pittston, Pa., showed me his card case in which he carried, with some papers, his mother's photo and a medal of the Blessed Virgin. A piece of shrapnel had passed through his khaki coat into the card case where it was still lodged. After making a ragged hole in the cover and on the

mother's picture, it struck the medal which it bent all out of shape. This medal he claims with good reason saved him from serious injury, as it evidently halted the shrapnel in its wicked course. After 19 hours I reached Lyons, too late for my train to Bellegarde. There had been difficulty about my trunk at Bordeaux. It was to be sent by express, as I had no time to check it, for I had to take the next train out of Bordeaux. I talked the matter over with the Major of the American Expeditionary Force who advised me to return to Bordeaux and check my trunk. By express or freight it might not reach me for weeks, if at all, on account of the general confusion of baggage travel. With this alternative of the all but inevitable loss of my trunk and the loss of two days in going to Bordeaux and back to Lyons, I decided on the latter. The annoyance it caused me will show you the exciting ways of officials in warring countries. I was, therefore, in Bordeaux again on December 3d at 9 A. M. Walking confidently with the crowd into station I was halted for my identification card, and produced my passport. The inspector saw date November 30 for Bellegarde on it, and wondered why I was still in Bordeaux. Having anticipated just some such difficulty I presented a certificate I had secured from the United States Major in Lyons to the effect, that I had duly reached Lyons on December 1, but had to return to Bordeaux for the security of my trunk. The French official was not quite satisfied. Bordeaux is a shipping town and just now a military town. Hence, they are specially on their guard against plots and intrigues. The official ran to and fro, consulted with two or three other officials, meanwhile keeping me waiting for two hours at the station. Finally I called upon one of our redoubtable secret service men of the American Expeditionary Force whom I recognized and through his good efforts matters were straightened out. We went to the baggage room and after some search I found my trunk, which I checked for Bellegarde. The French official, however, was not altogether placated. I must take the 10 P. M. train for Lyons, and in the meantime remain interned at the station. I might stop at the hotel in the station, but was not allowed to leave the station even to go across the street. As I had no powerful friend or protector in Bordeaux, I had to acquiesce. At 10 P. M. then I started back for Bellegarde,

reaching Lyons at 6 P. M. the next day, December 4. I could not make proper connections for Bellegarde. Knowing that some of our fathers were in Lyons I made a search, but could not locate them until the next morning. Sometime after the war I can give names and places. One of the men showed me around, pointed out the place where St. Francis de Sales died (it is near our old college), and took me to the famous miraculous shrine of Our Lady of Fourvière.

At 4 P. M. on December 5th, I left Lyons for Bellegarde the now important frontier town. I surely shall never forget it. The train was due here at 10 P. M. and it was my intention on arrival to cross the boundary at once for Geneva, Switzerland. However, I did not allow sufficiently for war conditions. When the train actually reached Bellegarde, quite a small town, at midnight, we were told that the frontier was closed and had been for about two weeks. We had to leave our passports at the station. The few hotels were overcrowded, "no room in the inn." After some delay I fell in with two soldiers who took me to the "foyer du soldat," the barracks of the French soldiers. I was thus saved from sleeping out on the street. I had a good Christmas preparation. The barracks were much like the cave in Bethlehem, but I was better off. They gave me mattress, pillow and blanket and so after 1 A. M. I made myself comfortable in the midst of the soldiers who slept in their uniforms. It was all open dormitory. At 7 A. M. December 5 I went to the church to say mass, and afterwards was cordially received by the abbé. That evening two officials, one a United States secret service man and the other a French official, called on me to find out why I reached Bellegarde on Thursday at midnight, December 5, as my passports showed I had left Bordeaux on November 30. I had to explain all over again. I was questioned too about my trunk, whether I had any manuscripts, any letters, etc. My trunk had not yet arrived, but reached the station on Saturday. It was searched most thoroughly and some manuscripts taken out. I shall be able to be more explicit after war times. At last on Saturday, December 7th, at midnight the frontier was opened, and I took train for Geneva, but not until my baggage had been searched by another French official. We reached Geneva a little after 1 A. M. on Sunday.

December 8, when all had to line up to have passports inspected, to receive bread cards, milk cards, etc. Without such cards you cannot get bread, milk, etc., anywhere in hotels, private houses or in our own communities. It was slow work. I was fairly to the front of the long line, but did not finish until after 2 A. M. Some of the passengers did not get through till near 6 A. M. At 8 o'clock I said mass in one of the churches near the station. From Geneva I sent a telegram to Very Rev. Father General, informing him that I would arrive on Tuesday P. M. I did not send any telegram before, because telegrams were usually held up very long in France, and besides aroused useless suspicion. Beginning with December 8 no trains were to run on Sundays in Switzerland on account of coal shortage. Hence I had to spend Sunday in the city of Calvin. Everything in Geneva and the Western section of Switzerland along the French boundary is French. Ordinarily one could make the trip from Geneva to Zizers in one day, but on account of the scarcity of locomotives, of railroad employes, etc., the trains are few and slow, all accommodation. On Monday, December 9 A. M. I left Geneva for Zurich which I reached in the evening. Here I met two of our fathers, Father Fonck was one of them. He is no longer Rector of the Biblical Institute, but expects soon to return to Rome for Scriptural work. He has the purchase of a piece of property near Jerusalem very much at heart for important archaeological research, and is praying hard to get the necessary funds for the purchase. Zurich is quite a large and thriving city. The Bolshevists were using it as a centre of activity for their destructive plotting, at least they tried to do so, and the Swiss when they got an inkling of it sent them across the frontier out of harm's way. The Swiss are happy with their Confederation and want no Bolshevism. The next morning, Tuesday, December 10, after saying mass, and inspecting among other sights of the city the wonderfully equipped Polytechnical school, I took the 10 o'clock train for Zizers. As soon as I reached the Canton Grisons and even before in the Canton of St. Gall, I was among picturesque mountains; it was most interesting. At 3.15 P. M. I was at the unpretentious station of Zizers and on alighting was most warmly greeted by good Father Walmesley, the English Assistant, and Father MacMahon, the Substitute Secre-

tary for England and America. We walked the short distance to Maison St. Jean, the home of the Curia. Upon entering the courtyard I was met by his Paternity, who welcomed me most cordially. In the house I met the other assistants and fathers. What a relief it was and what genuine satisfaction to be home at last! And a home it is, indeed. There is quiet and seclusion here in the Alps, yes, but great peace and warm welcome. If only the spirit of the house could be reproduced, as the photograph does the house itself, and sent to all the houses of the Society, it would serve better than reams of letters of exhortation to bind father and sons together. It was significant to me and comforting in a special manner, to be transferred into this home on the feast of the translation of the holy house of Loretto. Very Rev. Father-General here in this home actually appears to the eye, as he truly is, a real father with all the simplicity and unaffected manner of one who takes a genuine and warm interest in you. He has aged somewhat since I saw him in 1906, but does not look old or worn. He is, however, not robust in appearance, but thin and pale. However, though delicate and perhaps frail in appearance, he does not seem to be so actually, for he is capable of a great deal of hard and trying work. He is really interesting in his activity. Some had the idea that he was suffering from lung trouble, but there is no foundation for this. His manner which is always calm and self-possessed, when he is in conversation or transacting business, flashes forth as occasion arises, a nervous fire and influence, betokening at once the quick grasp he has of what is presented to him or what he is negotiating and the energy with which he dispatches it. However, he always leaves you at your ease and is invariably sympathic, cordial and fatherly. You cannot help but feel, for you experience it in everything he says or does, that the supernatural sways him at every turn, the spirit of the Society anxious for the greater glory of God and the spread of His Kingdom in all, but especially in those of the Society, the sons committed to his solicitous care.

How I should like to project this spirit of his into the hearts of the members of the Society. It would beget a more filial appreciation of all that is embodied in our Rules and Constitutions and of the appeals his Paternity makes to our zeal and our loyalty in working for the

sacred interest entrusted to the Society. One thing I know would be very welcome to his Paternity, viz., that, whether in formal and official letters in Latin or in unofficial letters written in the vernacular, he be more constantly informed of the happenings to ours, that is, of items of interest affecting us personally, our successes in the affairs committed to us, events of college, parish, etc., the influence and appreciation of our ministries, and a hundred other such news items, which tell the result of our apostolic activities as Jesuits and show the vitality of our religious spirit.

We are only too apt to think that such items are not of sufficient importance to interest his Paternity, because he has other more weighty things to busy himself with. Quite the contrary. What is of interest to us individually as Jesuits, interest him personally also. Such items cheer and are read with great satisfaction. They furnish healthy and stimulating food too for the Curia's recreations. Be assured that clippings, illustrations, figures, etc., about the doings of ours are always most welcome. They keep father and sons closely united and in sympathetic touch.

JOSEPH F. HANSELMAN, S.J.

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL'S RETURN FROM ZIZERS TO ROME.

A few words about Very Rev. Father General's Egypt exile in Switzerland and his return to Rome will, I know, be welcome to the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. How strangely to merely human wisdom the Lord acts in the care of his own! When the Society was doomed to extinction by Catholic Sovereigns and even in the original design of the Sovereign Pontiff, a schismatical ruler, Catherine of Russia, and a Protestant King, Frederick the Great of Prussia, give her protection and shelter. Their intervention, though on their part more a matter of political expediency than anything else, was approved by Rome. Since then France, Russia and Germany and other countries expel her. Holland and England receive her, and

she is secure near the Vatican under an Italian anticlerical government. Then comes the great world war, and national considerations make it necessary for Very Rev. Father General and his Curia to seek shelter elsewhere. Where go? Why to Switzerland whose Constitution bars Jesuits from exercising their ministry in her territory? It looks preposterous. And yet just such a reconciliation of conflicting facts the Lord brought about choosing "the weak things of this world that he may confound the strong." Hostile Switzerland relents and provides hospitality in one of her beautiful and historically renowned valleys. "Fly into Egypt, and be there until I shall tell thee."

Very Rev. Father General with some of the Curia came to Zizers on August 1, 1915. The others followed shortly after. Here they were to be safe and unmolested amid Swiss mountains for three years and five months. Everything seemed providentially arranged for their coming. The Bishop of Chur had sometime before completed a large addition to his hospital for priests in Zizers. During the war priests from other than Swiss dioceses could not patronize the home. The large addition was vacant. All this came as a great boon to the Curia of Very Rev. Father General. The building was fully equipped for a community of about twenty-five. Here then was established the Society's headquarters. And how delightfully it is situated; the Canton is Grisons, one of the most mountainous of Switzerland. Just in front of our house rises Calanda several thousand feet high; in the rear of the building is the Cyprian, only a little less in height. Nor do they stand isolated. Range after range of mountains rise in majestic grandeur for miles and miles. Not much further than a stone's throw from the house flows the Rhine, not indeed, with that grand sweep it has from Cologne to Mayence, but wide and deep enough to make it next to the soaring mountains the attractive feature of the valley, to which it gives its name. Villages and towns along its banks, with cottages and a lonely ruin of fort or castle on mountain slope make the scene in and about Zizers quite picturesque. Near our Curia of Zizers is Chur, only a few miles distant, the Curia Rhaetorum of the old Romans and now the capital of the Canton. All this territory is in the land of the old Rhaeti and we are amidst the Rhaetian Alps. Armies

of the old Romans and barbarian hordes found this valley a most convenient highway from and to Italy. An evidence of the ancient character of this region is the Romansch language, the Rhaeto-Romanic Tongue of the northwest part of East Switzerland. It is spoken, though not generally, in Chur and other parts of the Canton of Grisons. German, a Swiss dialect of it, is the prevailing language in the Eastern Switzerland, though Italian, too, is quite in evidence nearer the border. In the west, at Geneva, Fribourgh, you are in a French atmosphere.

All this natural beauty and variety of scene and language, and the exhiliarating feeling which air and sky impart to dwellers amidst such picturesque surroundings, are but nature's counterpart of the serene outlook, of the religious and spiritual atmosphere, of the high-spirited motives of zeal and of the resultant peace which permeate the Society's Supreme Curia, with Very Rev. Father General as the controlling spirit and the solicitous father of all the big family, here and scattered everywhere, entrusted to his keeping. Calanda, the high-peaked mountain just outside of our door, is not lofty enough to represent the vast grasp he has of everything belonging to the Society, of his conception of the influence the Society ought to exert especially now in these eventful times, when the Church needs all the help St. Ignatius offered her in founding the Society. That is why he is ever striving, in season and out of season, through letters to the Society and exhortations to superiors, to imbue all with that original, that primitive spirit of the Society, through which such big things were done by her sons for the Church during the revolutionary times of the Reformation. Our own disastrous days, when the very foundations of civilization are threatened and all the Church's forces needed for a decisive victory, call on us, as never before, to make ourselves fit instruments for God's greater glory and the salvation of the world, by solid learning, deep and varied, but especially by solid virtues and great holiness. Such qualifications alone and such equipment, can justify the claim the Society has on our services. Mediocrity and half-hearted measures are not the spirit of the Society's motto, A. M. D. G., nor will they do for us in championing God's most sacred cause, when the worst radical forces of evil have been let loose in all their fury to thwart God's merciful designs in behalf of the temporal and spiritual and supernatural welfare of men.

Just because such vital interests have to be safe-guarded and promoted, Zizers with all its delightful surroundings and associations, could not fully satisfy the needs of the Curia. It afforded at best only a temporary expedient. Hence his Paternity was anxious to return as soon as possible to Rome, where the interests of the Society can be managed with so much greater efficiency. Again Divine Providence came the the rescue. "Arise and take the child and His mother, and go into the land of Israel." Poland was made free and that secured a safe return to Italy soon after the armistice had been declared. It was not necessary to wait until peace negotiations would be completed. Father Tacchi-Venturi, the secretary of the Society, who was in Rome, had arranged for all preliminary steps there, and sent word about the middle of December that the Curia could begin to move any time after Christmas. We began to pack up at once. Those actually at Zizers were Very Rev. Father General, five assistants: Fathers Barrachina, Fine, Hanselman, van Oppenraaij and Walmsley, four substitute secretaries: Fathers Cassiani, Cieran, Kleiser and MacMahon, two fathers engaged on the Revision of the Institute: Fathers Galdos and Hofmann, Father Wilhelm, the Minister and six brothers: Brothers Baguna, Banquells, Del Vecchio, Grau, Herrero and Przewlekly, nineteen altogether. The others of the Curia were already in Rome or in Holland.

For the day preceding Very Rev. Father General's departure a farewell gathering had been arranged for him at Chur. The Bishop of the diocese with other friends, ecclesiastical as well as lay, wished to bid his Paternity Godspeed and express his appreciation of having had him so long in their midst. Very Rev. Father General went to Chur accompanied by two of the Assistants, Fathers van Oppenraaij and Hanselman. The occasion was a delightful one, full of cordial respect and friendly religious feeling. A dinner was served in the refectory of the diocesan seminary. There were present the Seminarians, about eighty in number, all from the dioceses of Chur and St. Gall, the faculty, and three civil officials, the President of the Swiss Federal Council at Bern, the President of the Canton of Grisons and the head of the Supreme Bench of Judges of the same Canton. These civil officials are all staunch Catholics. His Paternity occupied the seat of honor. The Bishop sat next to him. There was music,

singing and recitation, all in excellent taste. Towards the end of the dinner the Rector of the Seminary rose to make a well-prepared and elegant Latin address. He told of the relations of the Society with Switzerland, how in the time of St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier and Blessed Peter Canisius had stopped there, and how the old Society had labored effectively in Swiss Cantons. The new Society, too, he went on to say, freely exercised its beneficent ministry until the middle of the last century when, revolutionary ideas prevailing, Switzerland by constitutional enactment, interdicted all of the Society's ministerial activities within her territory. It was, therefore, a great satisfaction to all friends of the Society, that shortly after the outbreak of the great war, the government ignoring its hostile restrictions against the Fathers, offered them a welcome hospitality. This historical event of the Society's temporary sojourn in Switzerland, brought about in such an unlooked-for way, was dear especially to all at Chur, bishop and clergy, who could thus have so close to them, the fathers of the Society for counsel and help and friendly intercourse. The times are evil, and the services of the Society will be taxed to the utmost. When back in Rome, he concluded, do not forget that a warm sympathy beats for you in devoted hearts. It shall be our earnest prayer that soon no constitutional barrier will stand in the way of your fathers' active labor amongst us once more. May God bless you for the stay amongst us and give you His abundant blessings too for the great and important work that awaits you in Rome!

His Paternity then rose to reply in an impromptu and neat Latin speech. He spoke with great ease and fluency, dwelling on the feeling of gratitude the Society had for the kind and most welcome hospitality Switzerland had afforded them during these trying years of confusion and anxiety. The Society would never forget all this friendly help. He was pactically indebted to his Lordship, the Bishop of Chur, in whose diocese the Society had found such a comfortable home, and whose interest had been truly paternal, and it was with sincerest regret that a separation must take place. He thanked also all the fathers of the Seminary for their cordial relation with us. And then addressing himself more particularly to the civil officials present, he begged them to receive for the Swiss Government his own deep appreciation and that of the

Society for the peaceful home it had accorded them and the great courtesy it had always shown them during these years of sojourn. He could only wish that the good Swiss Government would allow him and the Society to express more effectively in deeds than in words the gratitude felt for their kindness to them. This they could do were the Society allowed without constitutional hindrance to work freely on Swiss soil for the religious interests of the generous hearted people of the Confederation. He then alluded to the difficult problems that confronted the Society. What toil and labor and perhaps sufferings awaited us at Rome no one could tell. But we are in God's hands, championing His cause and that of His holy Church. It is a comfort to realize, in the spirit of this sweet Christmas season, that all our labors and our trials are for the good of souls and the welfare of men, bringing peace to all of good will and glory to God in the highest. It will be a solace to him in all that may come, to look back to the peaceful days spent at Zizers.

At the end, the President of the Swiss Federal Council voiced the sentiments of the Catholic Swiss laity. He apologized for speaking in German, remarking that he could thus better express what he felt, as the Latin which he had not forgotten, was not as familiar a means of communication for him. He told of the pleasure all good people of Switzerland felt in having Very Rev. Father General with them so long, and how sincerely they regretted his departure. Let us hope, he said, that in the next general revision of the Constitution, which is being looked forward to, the obnoxious anti-Jesuit clause will be eliminated. He himself was confident it would be, as it was only a relic of narrow, outworn bigotry, which had never served any good purpose, and was particularly out of place now when fair play was the watchword. Even those who associate Beelzebub with the Society, as others had with our Lord, might yet find it expedient and necessary for their own national safety, to avail themselves of the services of the Society in their common efforts to fight the pernicious influence of Bolshevism, which had dared to lift its venomous head even on the free soil of Switzerland. Then alluding to the share the young Seminarians would soon have in the affairs of their country, he gave them this bit of practical advice: "Be not overconfident in your own unaided efforts. Others, older than

yourselves and not less wise, have grappled with difficulties and are even now struggling against them successfully. Do not despise their example and the traditions of the past. Be docile, prudent, self-possessed, self-restrained. When one has a span of mettlesome horses, it is not advisable to constantly snap the whip, but quite necessary to hold the reins firmly and manipulate them calmly and with good judgment."

Thus was brought to a close what we may look upon as Switzerland's farewell to Very Rev. Father General. It was all very cordial. There was a refined and scholarly air about it and the religious spirit pervaded the whole entertainment. I could not help reverting in thought to the literary and musical entertainment of Woodstock's refectory and library, and realizing at the same time what kinship there is between educated minds. The setting was different here in the Swiss mountains of Chur, but the spirit was true to culture and good and refined taste. One thing I thought of as his Paternity delivered his extempore Latin speech. Latin is not after all such a dead language in cultured circles, especially in gatherings of ecclesiastics. It requires familiarity, however, and constant practice, such as is prescribed for our Scholastics, to enable anyone to acquit himself with credit, as did Very Rev. Father General, before such a gathering and amidst such circumstances. Prompt, successful performance depends after all on previous habitual practice. No one can hope to rise to an emergency thrust upon him, when due preparation has been neglected, whether the emergency calls for clear thought, correct, fluent and elegant expression, or refined manner or religious deportment. Opportunities ordinarily do not make us, but rather reveal our real worth.

That same evening we had benediction in our domestic chapel at Zizers, at which we recited the Te Deum in thanksgiving to God for all His benefits to us during our stay in Switzerland. Masses too were offered up in the same spirit.

The next day, Friday, December 27th, his Paternity with Father Casiani left our Maison St. Jean for Rome. On his way he stopped at the famous shrine of Maria Einsiedeln, as he had done en route from Rome to Zizers. Thus our Blessed Lady bestowed her maternal protection on our little Society on the journey to and from our Swiss

exile, just as she did on the Infant Jesus on his way to and from Egypt.

Others of the Curia, in groups of four and five, followed his Paternity on December 28, 30 and January 2. Father van Oppenraaij with two of the fathers will remain at Zizers a short while until all epistolary intercourse with Rome is again established. We had to leave behind us, but only in body, good Father Thomas J. Gannon, our first American Assistant. His spirit, however, will be with us in Rome. I went to say a fervent prayer at his grave the day before my departure. He is buried in the attractive parish cemetery close by, among a number of priests who died at the hospice, and near some of the Salis family, Very Rev. Father General's relatives on the mother's side. The simple but devotional monument consists of a gray tombstone, in size and shape somewhat like our Woodstock tombstones, and surmounted by a neat marble crucifix bearing the letters I. N. R. I. The inscription on the tombstone reads: "Hic in Domino quiescit R. P. Thomas Gannon, Professus Societatis Jesu, Assistens Americae. Nat. 14 Julii 1853, Ob. 25 Januarii 1918. R. I. P."

The route taken by the fathers in returning to Rome was in Switzerland via Thalwil and Göschenen through the St. Gotthard tunnel, then Lugano to the frontier town of Chiasso. Here they crossed into Italy and they made their way through Como, Milan, Florence, along Lake Trasemeno to Rome.

And so Rev. Father General is again at the old headquarters in the Via S. Nicola. The portion of the Collegio Germanico once occupied by the German students, is now used as a military hospital. I know the readers of the Woodstock Letters will join with us in hearty thanksgiving to God that the return to Rome was accomplished so speedily and so successfully. Greater facility is now once more afforded his Paternity in providing for the important interests of the Society.

Joseph F. Hanselman, S.J.

HOLY WEEK IN BANDRA.

An account of the way in which we celebrate Holy Week in Bandra may be interesting. The essential features of the sacred services are of course the same here as elsewhere in the Catholic world, but some of the variations are curious and worth recording.

To begin with Palm Sunday: We have on this day the most picturesque of the "Passos," or representations of the different steps or stages in Our Lord's Passion. These are given on every Sunday evening during Lent. The custom was introduced by the early Portuguese missionaries among their fisher-folk converts, and has continued down to our day. In olden times, and indeed, until very recently, the scenes represented in the churches were weird and wonderful, and the processions used to be enlivened with the generous use of "Kajunas," or big fire-crackers. Most of the objectionable features have now been universally abolished, after much trouble by the Bishops, but the scenes still remain highly interesting, and add much to the devotion of the simple people.

The Kolis, or fisher-folk, the oldest inhabitants of the island, who were conquered by the Marathas, now the largest part of our congregations, themselves provide everything for the Lenten mystery-plays. Every Sunday, after the last Mass, they put up a large platform in the sanctuary, the main altar being covered, and the Blessed Sacrament removed to one of the side altars. This platform is always taken down immediately after the procession in the evening, so it can be seen what trouble the good people go to to have their passion play. They have a large life-size wooden statue of Christ, most hideous to view, and this is arrayed suitably for the different scenes of the Passion which are represented. The sanctuary is closed off from view by a large black curtain, with the instruments of the Passion crudely worked in white in the middle. The people begin gathering for the service hours beforehand, and when the sermon begins, there is not even standing room in the church, and very little outside near the doors. The sermon is usually given in Marathi, at least in our church. Towards the end, the preacher leads up in his peroration to an appropriate point, then he rings a little bell, and the curtain is drawn aside, and an apostrophe made to Christ in his suffering.

The scene on the stage is made as near to actual fact as our simple fisher-folk can make it. The rocks and trees are represented in the Agony in the Garden, and angels, apostles, soldiers, etc., have their place in different scenes. Formerly, all the characters were represented by statues, made up of cloth and stuffed, except for the heads and hands, which were of wood. But the heads of the

other characters were more hideous even than that of Christ, so one of the German Fathers a few years ago got the bright idea of substituting living figures for the statues. So our boys were dressed up appropriately, and posed for the apostrophe of the preacher. Now, the village folk do all this themselves, and really do it very well. They are not equal to the Oberammergau peasants, no doubt, but the tableaux are really very picturesque and appropriate. When the priest leaves the pulpit, the posing still continues, and lasts for at least five minutes, while the people gaze on in breathless awe. I have been in the sacristy after the sermon, and have seen the statues come to life when the curtain fell. Some sank down on the ground utterly exhausted, the effort and the strain were so great.

Now comes the procession, one of the chief features of the service. The confraternities are out in full strength on these occasions. First comes the confraternity of Sts. Peter and Paul, the Patrons of our church. They are on hand for all the greater church services, and preserve order and decorum, besides adding a touch of color to the gatherings. They are usually in black during Lent, though this is not necessary, as some of the fishermen attend in their fisher garb of what profane lips would term a night-shirt—and not too long—with bare legs and feet. But they all wear a red cloak and cape, with a blue cowl. The colors may vary a little, for distinction and other reasons, but this makes no difference.

This confraternity usually goes first, carrying candles. They reminded me strongly, when I first saw them, of what I had seen in Manresa, Spain, where the big, thick candles are carried horizontally, with the wax dripping all the way.

The confraternity of Our Lady of Dolors follows in the procession. They are for the most part "sheet-ladies," as we call them, with a black-and-white emblem of Our Lady of Dolors on their breast. The national dress of the women is a closely-fitting bodice, very short and with short sleeves, and a long strip of some colored cloth wound around the legs, and drawn up in the back to fall over the heads and shoulders. Over this garment they wear, when they come to church, a long, shapeless covering of white, which envelopes their head and whole body.

On some special occasions, our school boys and the boys of St. Sebastian's, the village school of our parish, have their place in the procession. Just before the clergy comes the choir, singing the Miserere. The Preacher of the occasion follows, carrying a large crucifix, with the Pastor and another priest usually accompanying him. Then follow the faithful, in go-as-you-please style, men and women, old and young, all mixed up, with a dog not unfrequently trotting along here and there, or darting in and out of the procession. A child may be led by the hand or carried on the arm by father or mother in either confraternity. Indeed, I have seen a man directing the choir in the church, with a baby on one arm and a baton, which he was yielding vigorously, in the other hand.

The procession usually goes around the church, not leaving the compound, and on his return into the church, the celebrant blesses the people with the large crucifix.

Such is the usual Sunday evening service during Lent. On Palm Sunday evening, there are special features to the procession. A kneeling figure of Christ bearing the Cross is taken out of the church on a platform borne by eight or ten men. The cross is about twelve feet high and proportionately thick and heavy, while the figure of the kneeling Savior is about seven or eight feet in length.

Great crowds of people follow the procession out into the street, and then back into the compound through a gate at one end, over to the class rooms, where an altar has been prepared, with a carpet leading up to it on the dusty ground, and benches on either side for the clergy. The kneeling Christ halts with the cross some distance in front of the altar, and the Miserere is intoned, volume being usually added to it by the presence of a band with a few brass instruments. Such a band, by the way, seems indispensable also in the church for the High Masses on special occasions.

The crowd in the compound is enormous, including many pagans, but not all the people are here yet. There are two other processions this evening, and many follow them, entering the compound for the final tableau. There is a hush of expectancy after the long Miserere, and then the second procession puts in its appearance, coming to meet the first one through a gate at the opposite corner of the compound. Veronica is brought to meet Christ. Veronica is a young lady borne on a platform by six men.

She has quite an acrobatic feat to go through with, balancing herself on the poles on which she is carried. Slowly and solemnly she is brought forward, and the least sound can be heard in that vast multitude. She carries a cloth extended over her breast, carefully holding it close, so that no one can see the obverse side. When she gets near the kneeling Christ, with a dexterous movement the cloth is turned, and pressed against the face of Christ. Then she is withdrawn a step or two, and presents the Holy Face impressed in the cloth to the spellbound multitude. She stands there for about five minutes or more, holding the cloth, and turning it slowly to different sides, so that all may see it.

It is getting dark now, but there is still another procession to come. The Mater Dolorosa is borne in at the same gate as Veronica, accompanied by her confraternity. The statue is about seven feet in height, and is clad in blue, with a silver crown on the head.

There is a still deeper silence as Veronica withdraws and the Mater Dolorosa is brought near Christ. After a few minutes, the procession with Christ carrying the cross follows the Veronica procession out of the compound, and the Mater Dolorosa brings up the rear. Out through another street the crowd goes, where there must be candles and lamps lit, for it is now quite dark. Veronica disappears meanwhile, and Christ and the Mater Dolorosa are brought back to the church, accompanied by the confraternities and a dwindling number of the faithful.

On Holy Thursday, after the Mass, there is the usual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in the Repository all day, but at night the church is closed and everything is left in darkness. Not even our own community watch before the Blessed Sacrament during the night. As in some other countries, it would never do to have the church open, and people out in the streets after dark. The custom of Catholic Spain is observed, where the churches are closed at the Angelus. If the men can't come to church during the day-time, why, church is not meant for them.

The confraternities, the sodalities, etc., all take their turn in adoring the Blessed Sacrament in the Repository. All day long, also, two altar boys are swinging censers before the Blessed Sacrament. Every few minutes, the boys refill the censers with incense, and every half hour, the boys themselves are relieved by others. This is the

practice also, during the "Thirteen Hours Adoration," which takes the place of our "Forty Hours." Again, it would never do to have the church open at night; so the service must close at nightfall.

All day long, on Holy Thursday, the faithful, and unfaithful as well, are thronging to one of the class rooms, where a representation of the Last Supper is had. Christ is seated at table with the twelve Apostles, with glasses and plates before them. Nor do these long remain empty. The people bring fruit and wine, and offerings as well for the money-box, which is conveniently placed. All day long they come, not only Christians, but Hindus, Parsees and Mohammedans, entering into the class room at the only door, and leaving by one of the windows, at which steps have been prepared.

The figures of Christ and the Apostles are all made up, save for the heads and hands, which are of wood, and are especially ugly. These "Apostles," or their predecessors, I am not sure which, have an interesting history. At the time of the "Goanese Schism," when all British India was put under the jurisdiction of Propaganda, and taken away from the Portuguese Padroado, our Kolis or fisherfolk, left St. Andrew's Church, and submitted themselves to the jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic, "non ex puris motivis neque sine sanguinis effusione," as the old history of our house says.

These people had made at their own expense the statues of the twelve Apostles, which were used for the Holy Thursday representations every year at St. Andrew's. When they left that jurisdiction, they demanded their property to be given to them. This was refused, so one night they stole the statues and hid them away. It was between the years 1852 and 1860 that this happened. The history of our house continues: "Conscius fuit P. Superior (Antonius Pereira) hujus rei, et cum turba multa irrueret mane ut investigaret totam domum, permisit paucis intrare. Sed nihil invenerunt, nam statuae absconditae sunt apud varias familias." The case was taken to court, but nothing could be proved. I don't know whether the present statues are the ones to which that ancient history refers, but they are ugly enough to be the same.

There is an interesting little incident connected with these statues, which shows the simple character of the peo-

ple. One of the little fisher-boys, who was helping to bring back the heads and hands of the Apostles on Good Friday, was observed to give the head of Judas a sly punch every now and then.

All day long on Holy Thursday there is—as a counter attraction to the Blessed Sacrament in the Repository—a huge statue of the Ecce Homo in the rear of the church, whose feet the people come to kiss.

On Thursday evening, after the Tenebrae—which is had then for the only time during the week—the Lotio Pedum takes place. Two long benches are arranged in the nave, where twelve men and boys are seated, with their feet up on a bench. The Superior goes around with a towel and basin, and to the accompaniment of most lugubrious music and chanting, performs the ceremony of the washing of the feet. After this, there is a sermon on the Blessed Sacrament.

On Good Friday, after the sermon in Mahratti in the evening, a life-size body of Christ is taken down from the Cross in the sanctuary, and carried in procession around the church on a bier, out into the street and around the whole compound. There are crowds of pagans present, both in and about the church, and in the street everything is held up for the procession to pass.

After the procession returns to the church, there is sometimes a sermon in English, while the bier with the body of Christ is on the platform in the sanctuary. After this, the body is put into a sepulchre which has been made ready under one of the side altars. The priest then incenses the body, after which he is the first to kiss it. Then the faithful follow suit, and pass along, one after another, the ceremony lasting till near midnight. It is a remarkable fact that on Good Friday, the faithful fisher-folk observe a black fast—not a particle of food nor a drop of water passes their lips until the body of the dead Christ has been kissed that night.

The olden abuses of the Good Friday representations have been done away with. In some places, a live man used to represent Christ our Lord on the Cross, wearing a long black beard, with a Moorish turban and Hindu clothes. A woman representing Mary was taken about on a bier, and received from the faithful the veneration due to the Mother of God. On Holy Saturday, different views of Jerusalem were hung above the crucifix on the

altar. During the earlier part of the services, flowers, leaves, lozenges and bits of fruit fell from the roof. As Mass was about to be said, the views of Jerusalem trembled, as if the terrible historic earthquake were repeating itself. Burly figures were seen moving behind the cross. When the Gloria was intoned, little black imps, with bells tied to their waists, jumped from behind the cross, and fled to cover. All this signified that with the Resurrection of Christ the kingdom of evil was destroyed.

At present, there is nothing of all this. Only, in some churches, the head of Christ is made to move by means of machinery, while the priest himself attends to the taking down of Christ from the cross.

There is not much more worth recording of Holy Week in Bandra. On Holy Saturday, after the services, the blessing of the houses of the parish begins. Each house must be blessed, and each part of the house in which a different family may live. It takes some days to go through the whole parish, and in some cases, the blessing of the houses may be continued for weeks.

On Easter Sunday, the church bells throughout the town begin pealing at 3.30 A. M., to inaugurate the rejoicings of the "great day which the Lord has made."

WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS IN BANDRA.

It may seem somewhat incongruous to combine together these two important events in the religious life of our faithful people, but around them cluster many distinctive customs of the country, and the combination of the two topics in a letter may also serve to add a little unity to what would otherwise be a disjointed series of jottings.

We hear, and see, much of child marriages among our pagan Hindu neighbors, and our own church records show many youthful marriages. But these seem to have been chiefly among the poorer classes of our people, in the fishing or agricultural villages. Early marriages among the classes who aspire to a little respectability are rarely met with.

There are many reasons for this. In the first place, the wedding festivities are so elaborate, custom binding

the people to a prodigal outpouring of money on these occasions, that marriage can be afforded only after many years of labor have enabled the groom, at last, to put aside from his meagre earnings a goodly number of rupees for the celebration. Then too, the young people are always expected to help support the family after they come to money-making age; their earnings are not considered their own, but belong to the parents, while only an allowance is given them for their needs.

The choice, also, of a partner in life seems to be usually made, not by the young people themselves, but by the parents for them. This has its advantages, of course, and prevents many ill-suited and unfortunate marriages. But parents are apt to get tyrannical and unreasonable, and the custom, taking into account the growing independence of character of the young people, seems to be productive of more harm than good. Several times difficulties of this kind have been proposed to me in the "Question Box" for solution from the pulpit, and other cases have been brought to me privately for solution, and I have always found that the old people were in the wrong, or that at least they were very imprudent. On one occasion, when I sanctioned a marriage, which had been held over for years, the girl's parents, who had been opposing the union, begged that at least their names should not be read out, according to custom, as the parents of the girl at the announcements of the banns.

The family life of the people is patriarchal. Very few start married life in a home of their own, even when well able to do so. Parents exercise authority over their children much longer than is common amongst us, and the supremacy of the mother-in-law is unquestioned. I have frequently heard men over thirty or forty accusing themselves in confession of disobedience to their parents, for many years after their marriage. Before marriage, the young people are in great fear of their parents: the young man may be sent out of the house, or cut off without a *picc*, if disobedient to the parents' wishes regarding his future partner in life; the young girl may be denied a dowry, and cannot well be married without one.

The dowry custom is universal, and is productive of more evils among the pagans than among our Christian people. The Hindus marry very young, from early childhood even, though they are not allowed to live as man and

wife till they have attained the age of puberty. From these early marriages results the large number of child-widows, who cannot marry again, according to strict Hindu law. The Brahmans, moreover, do not recognize post-puberty marriages. The English Government passed a law many years ago legalizing the marriage of widows, and now there is a great movement spreading among the Hindus of all classes for later and for widow marriages. Associations for this purpose have started up in many places, schools have been provided for these child-widows, and homes where they can be boarded and suitable husbands provided for them.

Yet the condition of the Hindu girl is very miserable. She is on the market with her dowry, and usually without any education at all. The young man, or his parents for him, chooses a wife from the many available. According to the qualifications of the young fellow for some government clerkship, he can demand a larger dowry, or refuse marriage altogether, and often make his intended father-in-law pay his way through college. If he manages to get a degree of B.A. after his name, his value is beyond price. If he is a "Matric," he is still worth a thousand rupees or more. If his degree is F.M., or "Failed Matric," which seems to be a recognized degree of which many are proud, he can still fetch a good price in the marriage market.

A great deal of money is spent on the wedding festivities by all, both pagans and Christians. They will borrow from the "banias," the Indian Shylocks, and beggar the family for generations, because it is the custom to waste money on weddings and funerals. Among our own people wines and liquors flow freely. I was told that at one wedding recently, where the parties were not wealthy, seven thousands rupees (about 2,300 dollars) were spent on drink alone. This can only be explained by the custom of continuing the festivities for a week or longer after the wedding day. The expense is not over with the breakfast, after which the couple are seen off at the station amid a shower of rice and old shoes. No! Day after day, and night after night, the feasting continues, and the guests are entertained. Friends and relatives who come from a distance must have some provision made to keep them during the whole time of the celebration in or about the house of the married couple.

Of course, not many can afford this; but all aim at something like it, and all do much more than they can afford, borrowing the necessary money at exorbitant rates of interest. Many condemn the custom, yet none has the courage to act against it. I was speaking of the folly of it all to one young fellow who was spending thousands on his wedding, and he said: "I can't very well help it. I must do for the others what they did for me when I was their wedding guest."

To mention now a few of the peculiar ceremonies connected with many of the weddings: The bridal couple make their way to church preceded very often by a band—often a Hindu band, playing on their tomtoms and kettle-drums and queer bagpipe-like instruments—and walking under a couple of gorgeous umbrellas, carried high above them in state by half-naked Hindus. The poorer Christians will employ a native band, while the wealthier pagans will have a Goanese band for the like occasions, for the Goanese are the swell musicians, just as they are the swell cooks.

After the wedding ceremony is over in the church, and before Mass begins, the friends of the couple enter the sanctuary to offer their felicitations. In the middle of the Mass, a flower girl enters, and pins a small bouquet on the groom's coat.

After Mass, there is a reception at the house of the bride, when the wedding cake is cut, and the invited guests partake of the wedding breakfast. The cutting of the cake is an interesting ceremony. Everything seems very solemn and formal, perhaps only because of the presence of the priest. Bride and groom grasp the knife together, and their trembling fingers generally need assistance to effect an incision in the cake. This is the climax of the proceedings, and immediately the band, an indispensable adjunct, strikes up a joyous tune, always the same for every like occasion.

At the breakfast, or at the reception in the evening, there must always be a toast given by one of the priests, of whom there are often several present. It is a very solemn affair. The married couple come up close to the embarrassed clergyman, and all stand and await in awesome silence the priest's words of felicitation and benediction. Then bride and groom go to the throne or seat of honor of some kind, prepared in the middle of the room,

and the groom tries to make some appropriate speech of thanks.

One couple, whose reception I attended, held open house for a week, before going to a Hill Station for the honeymoon. The first evening, only a few neighbors were invited with some priests, and it was a quiet family affair. The garden around the groom's house had been destroyed to make room for a large dance salon, which had been erected thereon, and beautifully adorned and carpeted. The guests were mostly rich pagan neighbors and friends —Hindus, Mohammedans and Parsis, each dressed in his picturesque national costume. The loose flowing robes of the Mohammedan and Hindu, the rich green and gold turbans and other queer headgear, the beautiful embroidered satin saris of the Parsi ladies, all served to make the scene a striking one. The bride came in weeping on the arm of the groom, and they were escorted by a bevy of young ladies to a throne at the end of the hall, where all went up and renewed earlier felicitations. It is the custom at this reception to offer the married couple the wedding present, of money or jewels. Amongst the poorer classes a silver rupee (in value, 32 cents) is a common present. Only the wealthier classes receive presents of silverware, furniture, etc.

The guests were soon summoned into an inner room for the usual refreshments, after which one of the priests made the usual speech. Then, after the answer of the groom, all went out into the dance hall again for a little conversation. Presently, a servant came around with a tray of neat little button-hole bouquets for each guest. He was followed by a little Mohammedan boy, all in red, who carried a long-necked silver sprinkler full of rose water, which he sprinkled over the bouquet of each guest. Then another servant came along with a tray of "pan-supari" (literally, "leaf and nut"). This was for the native guests, but the American guest was given several for himself. The "pan-supari" consisted of several bits of betel-nut in two rolled-up leaves of some pepper plant, which is also called the betel-leaf, because chewed with the betel-nut. Usually, the leaf, the nut and a daub of freshly-slaked lime make up the mouthful to be chewed, which reddens the lips and teeth. Where it can be afforded, there are other ingredients to the delicacy. On this occasion, there were also some kinds of spices added,

and some reddish paint spread on the inside of the leaves. The whole was neatly folded in a triangular shape and pinned with a clove, and had gold leaf all over the top. It looked very pretty, and I suppose was expensive, but the taste of it on the following day was very disgusting, though to the native guest it was no doubt a most welcome gift. We did not receive the gift of two cocoanuts, which I am told are given to every guest at a native wedding to take home.

I am told there are some interesting customs in the other jurisdiction (Daman and Goa). In the case of a marriage within the forbidden degrees of kinship, the couple must pay 1-5 or 1-10 of the marriage dowry—I suppose for the dispensation. This is only in case the dowry is not less than a certain amount, two thousand rupees, it seems. If the couple are poor, and have a small dowry, then they must kneel in the church at Mass on some Sunday with lighted candles in their hands.

Some of the funeral customs here are also noteworthy. In this hot country it is not allowed to keep a corpse unburied for more than 24 hours, so funeral preparations have to be made in a hurry. There seems to be rarely, if ever, a Mass said "praesente cadavere." Moreover, the 24 hours limit for burial seems to be rarely awaited: if the death takes place in the early morning, the funeral is often in the afternoon, and in the morning, if the death was the previous evening.

The body is always taken to the church and grave in an open coffin. The natives carry their dead to their resting place on a bier or stretcher, so our Christians follow suit. It makes no difference of what the person died, whether of plague or smallpox or other virulent disease. The Government cannot make any radical changes as regards epidemics, sanitation, etc. The people's customs must be observed, or changed very gradually, while their susceptibilities must be respected.

Burials in the church itself used to be the custom, and there are many commemorative slabs in our church over the spots where the remains of the dead repose. For some years past this has not been done, being forbidden, I believe by the Bishops. Yet there are many graves close to the front entrance of the church which are still used, and only a few steps further on is the graveyard itself. These are all "permanent" graves, and only the Bishop

has the directorial power of removing them. How to exercise this power, when there is need of moving the church or graveyard, will be a problem.

At the first funeral I attended in India—that of an old ex-prefect of the Men's Sodality—there were about fifteen priests present, though it was pouring rain all day. No matter how poor the people are, they always want as many priests as possible to attend the services at the house, and each priest must get his one rupee or more. The insistence of the New Code of Canon Law that there must be no interference by other priests in the parochial rights when there is question of funerals, is interesting in this connection. I believe priests of another church are now not allowed to attend any funeral unless invited by the parish priest of the deceased. This custom of many priests attending the services for the deceased at the house seems to be universal in Catholic countries. I remember observing it, and hearing it commented on, in Barcelona, Spain. I believe, however, that in Bombay city, the priests of *our* jurisdiction only meet the funeral cortège at the grave.

While waiting at the house for the priests or the band to turn up, the male mourners are treated to cigars, or to "biddhies" (native cigarettes) when the family is very poor. The women all gather in the room around the corpse, and sit without a word for a long time. No prayers are ever said by the people. On the first few occasions that I attended a funeral of one of my sodalists, I knelt down at the side of the coffin and said a prayer in silence for the soul of the departed. What I did seemed to be appreciated, but I soon came to find out that this was not the custom, and that I was only expected to wait outside until all was ready, and then say the usual prayers in my turn with the other priests.

There is always a large gathering of friends and neighbors at the house. Unless it is most certainly a very bad case of plague or smallpox, the people always come in great numbers; and, in any case, the children of the household gather around the open coffin. At one funeral which I attended, the man had died very suddenly without priest or doctor, and there had been smallpox in the house only the week before, yet both house and surroundings were crowded with people.

A brass band is always in attendance at the house. Discourses and solemn music from time to time, also accompany the funeral procession to the church and the grave. I have seen the choir consist of one fiddler only, barefoot, dirty and with frayed trouser ends. At the house, at the church and at the grave he did the work of the choir, scraping his violin for the "Libera," singing the "Benedictus" alternately with the priest, with many an error of quantity, and intonations and slurrings all his own.

Each priest at the house must of course earn his rupee, so it is the old Portuguese custom that each goes in turn into the room where the corpse is laid out, says the same antiphons and prayers, intones the "Pater Noster" three times, and three times sprinkles the body with holy water. It takes about three minutes for each priest to go through his task. Then one priest gives the blessing of the corpse as prescribed by the rubrics, singing alternately with the "choir" the "De Profundis."

Everything is quiet until the last blessing is given; not a sound has been heard all the time, and there is rarely even any quiet weeping by the members of the bereaved family. All hold themselves in for the final explosion, when the priest turns to leave the room. Then the wailing begins. Some cannot wait until it is their turn to pass by the coffin and express their grief in proper order. "Bye" (beloved) is the commonest expression used and the depth of the grief is supposed to be proportionate to the vehemence of its vociferation. All the neighbors take their turn, and of course the members of the family themselves are the loudest in their demonstrations. All this lasts for several minutes, and the corpse is with difficulty brought out of the house, where the priest is waiting to sprinkle it with holy water as it crosses the threshold.

I was surprised on one occasion to see a white coffin for a man of over sixty. He was the last survivor of our first orphans who came here from Byculla in 1863. I was told that it was "the custom here to bury bachelors in white." I have not seen this provision made in the church rubrics, but I suppose the custom now has the force of law, and I would sympathize sincerely with the priest who would attempt to change it.

The body is always carried to the church in an open coffin, accompanied only by the men in procession. I

was told that the reason was that the women were supposed to have already made enough noise at the house. On one occasion, a couple of oxen got startled by the band, and darted out with their cart from the waiting line, causing considerable confusion and alarm in the procession. Before we had gone far, a tropical downpour started, and it was of little use to hold umbrellas over the open coffin. Before we reached the church, we had to paddle through several inches of water in some places, and when I got back home, on foot, the compound was under a foot of water.

The rough shaking that the body of the deceased receives when the coffin is shoved up on the catafalque is unpleasant to see, but nobody ever seems to remark it. The usual church service goes along, with frequent halts for things which have not been prepared. At the grave, the cloths are taken from under the head of the deceased, which is then shaken or pushed down to allow the coffin lid to be put in place. After the prayers, the priests put each a ladle-full of lime on the breast of the corpse, and the family and friends follow suit, so that the whole body is soon covered with lime. When one of our teachers was buried in our graveyard, every one of the school boys seemed to consider it a sacred duty to throw a handful of earth into the grave.

Such are some of the funeral customs in this part of the world. My own experience is rather limited, and after a longer sojourn I may be able to add considerably to the above notes. But what I have jotted down will show how different in many respects the customs of these people are from our own, and how they need to be educated to an appreciation of sanitation and propriety, two important elements of civilization.

HERBERT J. PARKER, S.J.

FROM SOISSONS TO COBLENZ.

CHAPLAIN TERENCE KING, S.J.
18th Infantry, First Division, A. E. F.,
COBLENZ, December 20, 1918.

DEAR FATHER EDITOR:

I made the priest in Luxemburg laugh when I quoted from our Constitution the words which explained my presence there—"Nostrum est peragrare. And I am sure

that if St. Ignatius were to meet me these days he would say that I was a true and genuine son of the Society, at least in one quality—that of hiking along with the First Division, the division which is called by the Commander-in-Chief "Pershing's Pets," but by the "Pets" themselves, the Gipsy Division.

And it is a truth to say that we are gipsies. Indifferent as to time, place, food and shelter, work and rest, we have the indifference that our soldier saint and founder wishes us Jesuits to have and to hold. In dugouts and beneath the starlit skies of France when I rested and when I hiked by night, not liking to hike, so tired was I, often I thought that if St. Ignatius had not been a soldier before he became a Jesuit the characteristic virtue of a Jesuit's life would have remained unknown and unpracticed. Of course, this is said with the pardonable pride which the Rule allows us to indulge in when speaking the praises of the same Society.

From Soissons to Coblenz represents many hundreds of miles, some of which I made by hopping a truck, but most of it, and especially the stretch from the bridge-head over the Moselle at Grevenmacher in Luxemburg to the Coblenz bridge over the Rhine I made on foot. I might have ridden a horse and I might have hopped a truck along the Moselle and Rhine banks, but then I could not truthfully say that I marched on foot in Germany. Generals, colonels, majors and less than they in grade, all felt that the rules of art required them to march and not to ride, when as conquering heroes they entered into the country which had fondly boasted that "the wall of steel in the west" would never be broken. That wall of steel, the Hindenburg line, while formidable, failed to stop our advance, and so from Soissons to Coblenz we marched through it.

It was at Soissons that I first saw a battle of the war; it was to Soissons that I made a most killing night march; it was from Soissons I came after a five-days' battle, wondering at all I had passed through. When I reached Chaumont, the G. H. Q. of the A. E. F., on July 5, I was assigned to the 18th Infantry by Father Houlihan, who appointed the Catholic chaplains to the regiments. He told me that the regiment was reputed to be the best in France. Of course, I felt honored to be named its chap-

lain. On the 6th of July, I left Chaumont to reach the regiment which was resting in a little town northwest of Beauvais. To reach Auchy-la-Montagne, where the regiment was, I had to pass through Paris. With me as Socius was Father MacCaffrey, a Fordham man and curate at St. Veronica's church. He was assigned to the 9th Infantry. At the Chaumont station, we met a Captain Cahill, of the 18th Infantry, who also was from Fordham. Of course, we were delighted to make the trip to Paris together. Captain Cahill told me that I had the delicate job of restoring the reputation of the standard Catholic priest in the eyes of the colonel and officers of the 18th. A priest had come to it in June, when it was in the trenches of Villers Tournelle. He belonged to the Red Cross and was a voluntary chaplain, not an assigned, commissioned one as I was. At Villers Tournelle the German artillery subjected our lines to a most terrific bombardment, its purpose being to demoralize us. We had hastily built our trenches. Our men were inexperienced. The enemy hoped to blow us clean out of our positions by sheer force of bursting steel. It is stated in official reports that in a three-hours' bombardment lasting from 8 P. M. to 11 P. M., 1,200 shells exploded on our trenches at the rate of from 80 to 100 a minute. For a seasoned warrior this bombardment was terrifying, for a voluntary chaplain it was more so. The chaplain the next morning notified the colonel of the 18th that he had business to attend to in Paris, for which city he left, and was never seen again. But the memory of his inglorious going stayed with the 18th after he had gone. Captain Cahill was ashamed of that priest and begged me to wipe out that stain on the fair record of Catholic priests in the face of danger. I realized from the state of affairs, as he told them to me, that I had a two-fold mission to fulfil in the 18th: that of chaplain, ministering to Catholic soldiers, that of redeemer of the standard Catholic priest's fame as a man who knows no selfish considerations, when duty requires him to risk his life for the sake of the Sacraments. So surprised was Colonel Parker, a non-Catholic, at this priest's behavior that he made this remark to me one morning at breakfast in the trenches to the west of Pont-à-Mousson: "Father, that priest was not up to the traditions of the priests of your Church, whom I have met the world over." Not wishing to excuse or give any

explanation of his conduct, I smiled and said: "I hope, Colonel, that I am." "Yes, Father," he answered, "you're all right." To hear this from Colonel Parker after our Soissons battle made me very happy.

With the double mission which I realized was mine to carry out in the 18th Infantry, I marched from the forest of Compiègne on the night of the 17th of July, to the battlefield of Soissons, which we reached at 4 A. M. on the morning of the 18th. That night's march was my first with my regiment. From the 16th to the 17th of July, we had been hiding in the dense forest of Compiègne. We knew that the Germans had tried to cross the Marne at Châlons and we knew that the Marines were holding them up at Château Thierry. Little did we dream that on the 18th, the battle all along the salient would commence, with the 18th driving against the left leg of the salient just south of Soissons. In order to ensure the success of the battle the best American division was put at the most important point, which was not the apex of the salient at Château Thierry, but the tip of the left leg where it ran out of the chalk quarries at Soissons.

At 6 P. M. on that July evening we marched out of the Compiègne forest. French aeroplanes were patrolling the sunset sky to prevent any German planes from spying on our movements. Infantry, machine guns and artillery filed down the hill, and soon the khaki, blended with the yellow road and the 18th was moving on the morrow's battle. When dusk came rain began to fall. The roads which had been very dusty now became very muddy. The night grew blacker and blacker, and the rain fell in torrents. Blinding flashes of lightning cut the blackness in two for an instant, and the night seemed blacker after it. Along the road we met tanks, cannon, ammunition trucks, soldiers from the United States, France, Algiers, and Madagascar. Traffic became congested, trucks and cannon got mired, and we were obliged to break our columns and march one by one, holding on to the man in front so as not to get separated from the outfit. Thus we made our way that awful night. At 3 A. M. we neared our position. Now we were ordered to move across the open fields in open formation, until we were concealed in the woods to our left. It was now 4:15 A. M. Everywhere there were guns, American and French. A bush rustled and out of it came

an officer with his watch in hand. "Good work 18th. You're just in time. At 4:30 the orchestra plays the overture." We moved on in silence over the crest of the hill to a huge cave just above Cutry, which lay in the valley below, more like a graveyard than a town, so battered to pieces it was by the German shells.

At 4:30 the bombardment of Soissons opened with the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Field Artillery doing the shooting for the Americans. There were other artillery units from the French army supporting us. It was the first bombardment, and the first guns I had heard. They were everywhere, some cleverly concealed, some camouflaged, others on the open slopes of the hills overlooking Cutry. When the first gun went off right behind me I fell flat on my face. Everyone laughed. I was so scared that I had all laughs frozen up within me. I had leaned against a harmless looking bush when I had risen to my feet, but I had to flop again for the bush was a gun nest. After a few minutes, when the noise let up a little, I thought of the inglorious way in which I had behaved when I threw myself on the ground to escape an outgoing shell. Then, I too, had to laugh, for when I considered the speed of an outgoing shell, I realized how impossible it was to escape it.

By 5 o'clock the German batteries were answering ours. But their fire did no damage. They were unable to locate our guns. High in the sky I counted 35 allied planes, flying in the form of a solid triangle. They would scatter, and then they would re-form. Being deprived of a "sky eye" the Germans were unable to put any of our guns out of the game. By 7:30 the first prisoners came in. Up the hill they came with a doughboy to guard them. Into the cave they were brought to be questioned. They were happy to be taken prisoners and yet disgusted. The reason of their disgust was this—they had been told by their officers, that they were in a quiet sector. They had just arrived that morning at 3 o'clock. They had come from the Marne. It was true that the sector had been a quiet one. For months there had been no activity around Soissons; but Foch had planned his big offensive for the morning of July 18, and the morning had come. Thousands of prisoners flowed in all that day. They were captured standing in roads and fields waiting to be assigned to quarters. We gave them their quarters.

With the prisoners, wounded Americans and French came in. Now was my hour for work. I forgot that I had hiked almost twelve hours the night before. I forgot that I had nothing to eat and maybe would have nothing the livelong day. Where the soldier was Catholic, French or American, I needed only to tell them that I was a priest and the rest was easy. But often the wounded American was Protestant, sometimes baptized, sometimes not. If baptized, I got him to say that he was sorry for having broken God's commandments; this served for his act of contrition. Next I would say the "Our Father" with him, which served for an act of faith, hope and love. If he was not baptized, I explained briefly, what baptism meant and usually the wounded fellow consented to be baptized, but not always. If severely wounded, a leg, an arm off, or his breast or back mangled the pain would make him curse outrageously. Such a soldier I left to the mercy of our Lord, Who in pain and suffering gave His life for us all.

When we talk over the Soissons battle in our comfortable billets in Coblenz every soldier who went through it will say, "Chaplain, that's the kind of scrap we like. We saw the Germans we were shooting at." So it was. The terrain at Soissons was wheatfields, towns, the Soissons-Paris highway, the Chaudun plateau and the Soissons, Chateau-Thierry railroad. Everywhere the country was open and the enemy visible. Nothing pleases the doughboy or his officers so much as such a terrain. True it is that there are disadvantages to the attacking forces on such a terrain; but nothing can offset the advantage the attackers have in seeing the enemy and his positions. One knows where to go and how. Through the Soissons wheatfields we went, while shells exploded around us. By 10:30 A. M. we had captured the Soissons-Paris road. The artillery moved up into their second position, which was a sunken road through the wheatfield. Nearby there was a tank which had received a direct hit that morning and had blown up. Out of it came the six Frenchmen who manned it. With them they took three machine guns. Into the high wheat they crawled and set up their guns. Tearing some wheat from the ground around them they stuck it into their belts, pockets, caps and boots leaving the ends of the stalks stand out. In a few minutes they were completely concealed even from me, who saw them doing their camouflaging. And they acted well and

wisely; for shortly before noon five German planes came over to inspect our advancing columns. Just when they arrived over the tank the three machine guns began to sputter forth their bullets. The air, even up at that high altitude became too warm for the enemy and he returned to his own lines. But he had seen the new position of our artillery. Five minutes after the planes had disappeared five shells dropped close to our guns. After a minute's pause another two came which did damage. A wheel was blown off one of the guns, and two of the crew of another were killed outright. I ran from behind the tank where I was sheltering myself to where the two gunners lay. One poor fellow's body was so torn that the trunk was behind the caisson and the legs beside the wrecked wheel. The man was a Polish Catholic. I took a chance on his being still alive and anointed him. The other gunner was now dead, although not butchered like his mate. He was not a Catholic.

All that day I went up and down that wheatfield. There were no paths through it. A wounded and a dead man could be found anywhere. German, American, French and Algerian—all were visited by me. The Regimental surgeon of the 18th, a good pal of mine, protested when I assisted the German. "Father, let them alone." I smiled and answered, "If I do, Major, I'll meet them in hell along with you." Of course, the Major is not a Catholic, although he bears an Irish name, Hagan. But since he comes from Georgia, it is not surprising that he should be Irish of name and not of faith. For in Georgia we have Dublin the capital of Ireland with no Cathedral of St. Patrick or Church of St. Francis Xavier, as we have in the Irish capital. Then too, there are Callaghans, Kellys and Fitzgeralds way down in Georgia, who are by no means Catholic.

Night fell at last upon the wheatfields by Soissons. But night ended not the rattle of machine-guns or the roar of artillery. Down the hill to ruined Cutry I made my way to find something to eat and a place to sleep. What was my surprise to meet seated on the wrecked walls beside the church a French bishop, who was a Chaplain with the French army. When I told him I was a Jesuit, he was surprised in turn. I found one of our kitchens and had a solid meal. Next I looked for a resting place. I had a blanket with me. Prying around a crumbling barn I met

a Catholic soldier, who before being drafted was organist at a prominent Catholic church in Utica, N. Y. He insisted that I take his place, but I insisted that I would not. Indeed, as the night was soft and warm, it would be just as pleasant to sleep out of doors. Not that the open barn was not out of doors; it was, since no door or roof remained on the building. Looking around I saw a ruined orchard. Into it I entered and beneath a mutilated apple tree I laid me down. About 9 o'clock the pulsing hum of German aeroplanes were heard. Next three balls of flaring gas floated across the sky. The whole town and orchard was lit up as it is in daytime. My organist was frightened. He implored me to go back to the barn. I told him we were safer in the orchard, because it was the buildings and the road that the Germans were aiming at and not at the open spaces. Then came a swish and a whistle and a thud. A bomb had fallen in the orchard. We curled up into as small a ball as we could make of our bodies, believing that we would be less injured if we exposed less of our bodies to the bomb. In a second we felt that the orchard would be no more and we with it. But no explosion followed. I thanked my Guardian Angel for the 1,000th time that day and night of Soissons. My organist was for running somewhere else for shelter; but as I remarked, "Anywhere is as safe as anywhere else." That was then and has been ever since my philosophy when shells fell by day and bombs by night. In the morning I went to find the bomb. It lay in a pool of water in a shell hole. The loose earth and the mud it made had proved our salvation. There was not enough resistance in the earth for the bomb to explode. That shell hole was the first and last I was thankful for. Shell holes at night, be they dry or wet, are very disagreeable. The bomb was about three feet long, cylindrical in form with a flute tail which guides it in its downward flight ensuring its compact by the nose upon the ground.

The second and succeeding days of the Soissons battle were passed at the dressing station at Chaudun. Near the dugout where we had installed ourselves there was a cross road. Every twenty seconds for five days a shell would fall near that point. Men died in that dressing station and in the yard outside, still the work went on. The doctors bound up the wounds of the living, and I with a detail of German prisoners buried them in the church yard. Often

a shell would fall near us and for the moment the prayers were interrupted, to be resumed when a new space of twenty seconds permitted them.

On July 23 at night, the 15th Scottish Division took over our position. I shall never forget the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders for the splendid way they marched through Chaudun, over the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry railroad tracks up to the front. They marched by night, but the moon was full. The Scots played their pipes and smoked cigarettes. The Americans protested against this unnecessary publicity. To so act is daring, but it is not prudence. And the impudence of those Highlanders was punished, for at 1 o'clock A. M. a German plane came over the road out of Chaudun, released flares and when the earth below was lighted up he dropped one bomb. Sixteen Scots were killed outright and many more wounded. And yet they were admirable for their coolness. No panic followed; not a man fled out of ranks to shelter. At their officer's bidding they closed up their shattered column and went on as before, their pipes playing and their cigarettes glowing. Though six months have gone since then, and many battles have intervened, I have never seen anything in the United States army or the French that equalled the superb conduct of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who marched through Chaudun on their way to our lines.

I cannot recall the gains we made nor the prisoners we took in that five days' engagement. All I remember is that I got a citation from Colonel Parker commanding the 18th Infantry, and the 18th was praised for being the *only* regiment which each day reached the objective assigned to it, and was furthest advanced when the 15th Scottish Division took over the American lines at Soissons.

Brigaded with the 18th during the Soissons battle was the 16th Infantry. One of its chaplains had a most thrilling experience. Towards nightfall he fell asleep in the dressing station. While he slept the Doctors moved further up to the front. Chaplain Bingham, a Protestant, was left behind. Awakening about 11 o'clock he inquired where the dressing station had gone to. Learning the general direction he started out to find it. He was going through the wheat field when he heard the command to halt. He did so believing that the order came from an American sentry. He was astonished to see a German

lieutenant and fifteen men step out from the wheatfield on to the road. They were delighted at their capture. The officer cut off Bingham's crosses and the buttons on his coat. They wanted souvenirs and they had never yet had any from a Chaplain. After taking his insignia and United States buttons the lieutenant brutally kicked Bingham, and at the same time ordered a private to lead him to the rear. Forward they marched along the moonlit road. The German exultant, but the Chaplain disgusted. He thought of German prisons for the duration of the war. It was Bingham's first battle. He made the course with me at Camp Taylor, and crossed the ocean with me. When a turn in the road came which took them out of the officer's eyes, the German began to revile Bingham in very good American vituperation. He had been a waiter in a well-known New York café, and had been often made fun of by its patrons. He said, "No American is good enough to walk in front of me. Get behind me and follow." Poor meek Bingham, unarmed, obeyed. Thus they marched, the German gloating over the Yank's humiliation and fancying his triumphant entry into the German lines. As he dreamed, Bingham planned his escape. The German, believing in the meek compliance of the Chaplain, was not over vigilant. Every now and then he would change his rifle from right to left shoulder. Bingham believed that this procedure furnished him with a chance to escape. He waited for one of these shifts of the guard's rifle, and while it was being executed, he grabbed the gun by the bayonet. The German tried to jerk it out of his hands, but Bingham so manoeuvred that he kept the German turning around in a ring until he made him dizzy. Then the German's grasp relaxed, and with another pull Bingham had the gun. He immediately turned it on the German and fired three bullets into him. The German fell and was dead in a few minutes. Bingham with the charity of a chaplain stuck the gun into the ground, and on the butt of it placed the German's helmet. Next he went through his pockets and recovered some of his money and buttons. Then saying: "Fritz, I've done my best for them to find you in the morning," he fled with all his speed in a direction opposite to the one they were going. In the course of the day he found his regiment. But the terrible strain through which he went that night so unnerved him that he has since returned to the States.

The strain was not so much physical as moral, the thought of being a chaplain, yet killing Germans, was terrible. He told me of his worry. I cheered him up.

While my confrère, Chaplain Bingham, was losing his insignia and buttons from his coat, I was losing my coat itself. Included in the loss of the coat are the buttons, crosses, and all that I had in the pockets. The loss is not surrounded with such thrilling circumstances as in the story of Bingham's coat—mine was simply and unromantically stolen. I was sweating in the dressing station at Dommiers near Soissons. The room was packed with wounded men—flies, blood and discarded bandages and equipment were everywhere. It was stifling and foul. It was unmilitary on my part and against regulations to remove my coat when on duty. But as there are no prying inspectors around a field of battle, I took off the coat and hung it on a nail nearby. When I looked for it in the morning it was gone. I believe a yellow Morrocan stole it, for they are professional and practiced thieves. And their "taking ways" are always in evidence when there is a chance to take United States equipment. Morroccans, French and Germans love American souvenirs gathered from soldiers of other armies. Without my coat, therefore, I jumped on a truck and rode many kilometres until I found the 18th Infantry in a town to the north of Paris near Meaux. Meaux was Boussuet's home, where he could easily get Episcopal robes, should his own be stolen; but Meaux had no United States Quartermaster Depôt for me, and I had to appear before Colonel Parker coatless. Many a doughboy looked bedraggled, but at the worst they were not coatless like their Chaplain. Wherefore, when I saluted the Colonel there was a look of surprise and a grin on his face. "Well, Father," he started, "where's your coat?" After I told him the story of its loss, he laughed loud and long, in which merry pastime the staff joined. "Have you another?" the Colonel next inquired. "I have a suit, sir, at Chaumont, some 200 kilometres from here." I hoped that I could obtain a pass to go to Chaumont, but the Colonel blasted the hope by saying, "Get into the car with me, Father, and we'll run down to Paris. Maybe you can get a uniform there." Paris looked good to me. I borrowed a coat for the day and very soon we were spinning along a splendid road on portions of which Von

Kluck's army had marched on their "Nach Paris" drive in August, 1914. Soon, the white pile of Montmartre's basilica showed clear in the July sunshine, like a headland. Then we entered the city and were soon at the shopping quarter. Here the Colonel let me out with a word as to time and place of meeting for our return in the evening. To several of the famous stores of Paris, I went in search of a United States officer's uniform, but all that I could buy were French ones. With the rest of the day before me I started off on a pilgrimage. To Montmartre I went to visit the site where St. Ignatius and companions made their vows August, 1534. A chapel is built upon the spot and around the walls is read the early history of the Jesuits. Many Saints, bishops and royal personages had trodden the same ground in years now long gone. The names of these great ones are inscribed also on the walls of the chapel.

From Montmartre I went to the old Latin quarter, where the Sorbonne and the College of St. Barbe stood in the days of Ignatius, Faber and Xavier. The names, not the very buildings, can be seen today. Other buildings have replaced the old, but the names endure. And it was queer to read "Collège Sainte-Barbe." Here they wanted to flog the student Ignatius, and here that tamed soldier—tamed as Christ was at the pillar—was willing to be flogged even as Christ was.

In another quarter of Paris, just in front of Les Invalides, where the dust of Napoleon is enclosed in a tomb of reddish marble, stands Hotel Biron the one-time mother house of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Within the walls of this mansion and along the pebbled paths of its gardens walked in her life time Blessed Sophie Barat, Foundress and First Mother and First Blessed of the Madames. Within the gardens she was buried. But her body unlike that of Napoleon's did not decay. Her "sepulchre was made glorious" not in the same way as was Napoleon's, but as God does glorify the graves of His Saints. There in 1866 she was buried; there in 1893 her body was exhumed and found to be entirely incorrupt; from that garden the body was taken for reburial at Conflans, where in 1903, after the Law of Separation was passed against the religious, the body was exhumed again, and again it was found to be incorrupt. Today, if you

go to Brussels, to the novitiate of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, you will see Blessed Mother Barat's body lying in a glass case, just like the one beneath the main altar at Woodstock. And if you touch the skin of her hands you will find it to wrinkle and yield as living skin does, while the fingers, hands and arms will bend and move wither-soever you may wish.

Today the mother house is used for a military bureau. The walls that surrounded the garden are tumbling down, and the windows of the Chapel show panes broken by stones. As I stood before this scene of sadness I prayed to Blessed Mother Barat.

Six-thirty P. M., was the meeting hour with the Colonel and the place was near the Madeleine. Entering the car we set out on our 40 kilometre run to the regiment. I came in a borrowed coat. I returned in the same.

From Tuilly, where we stayed for a few days after coming back from Soissons, we entrained and journeyed all the way across northern France until we got out of the train at Toul. In all of our campaigns that was the only time we ever rode in a train. Trucks or the hob-nail conveyance, our shoes, almost always the latter, was the only transportation we got during the war. I made the trip in the Colonel's compartment. We ate beans together and drank coffee. I chanced to have some chocolate in my bag. The Colonel was delighted to munch a piece. He was very much interested in my previous career before coming into the army. Since the next day would be the feast of St. Ignatius, I related to this splendid soldier of the United States, the story of that other soldier of Spain. The conversion of St. Ignatius he could not comprehend; but the part he played in the siege of Pampeluna appealed strongly to Colonel Parker.

On the feast of our Founder, with the Colonel's permission, I dined with Father O'Connell, a K. C. Chaplain in Toul. Father O'Connell is a graduate of Santa Clara. Hence we had, as he called it, a "Jebbie" dinner. We did very well in spite of war conditions and the shortage of foodstuffs.

At the Toul cathedral an imposing ceremony had been planned for Sunday, August 4, 1918. Its purpose was to recall the fourth anniversary of the war, and while God was to be thanked that utter and lasting defeat had not been France's portion, He was to be implored also that

complete final victory might wreathe her arms. How that morning passed at the Toul cathedral I know not. I meant to be there, but on the afternoon of the preceding day, orders came for us to march from Toul. Our new destination was the position west of Pont-à Mousson, running from that city and the Moselle River in a westerly direction towards St. Mihiel. We were to take over the trenches held by the Moroccans.

Of course, we were indignant. We had fought long, furiously and with glory at Soissons. We earned and did need a rest. Yet we were the First Division; we were the 18th Infantry, the regiment which had distinguished itself at Soissons. Therefore, because of our prowess and our fame we were to go into what was called a quiet sector. Truly it was quiet, only by contrast with the swirl and the roar that was seen and heard at Soissons. Outside of patrolling, raiding and intermittent bombardments during twenty-two days, there was nothing doing there. Time was when those positions were noisy and bloody. We all remember the battles at Bois-le-Prêtre, Priest Wood, where the French gallantly and recklessly endeavored to wrest the heights of the Moselle at Pont-à-Mousson from the Germans. On the slope of the hill to the south of Priest Wood I saw hundreds of graves, where the French had fallen. But the wood and the territory behind was not recaptured by them—nor would it be wrested from the Germans until an American army six weeks later would capture it in the St. Mihiel drive.

For years I had heard the name of Pont-à-Mousson mentioned in the refectory when the Martyrology was read. Bishops and martyred saints had lived, toiled, suffered and died in that city on the Moselle. Never in those moments in Jesuit refectories, while I heard the name of the city and of the Saints who made it immortal, did I imagine that a day would come for me when dressed in Uncle Sam's khaki, I would steal along its silent streets up to the heights where my men were in trenches.

And the streets of Pont-à-Mousson were silent, and one did have to steal along them, for high in the sky there was a German observation balloon with its eye forever on the approaches to the city, upon its streets and the roads that led to the trenches. And one read signs of warning telling soldiers to keep close to the camouflaged portions of the road, so as not to be seen by the balloon. Literally, I

had to sneak into the city and out of it. I have seen towns that were pitiful scenes of ruin, but Pont-à-Mousson was a city which was fairly intact as to its buildings. But the sadness it aroused in one's heart came rather from the lonesomeness of its streets. Truly, it was a deserted village, for all of the inhabitants had been sent away in order to spare their lives during the bombardments that had been and could be at any moment. I noticed homes where huge shells had entered parlors and bed rooms, and had passed out to burst in the garden or streets around. The station was wrecked, but the cathedral showed only a few scratches. The loneliness of Pont-à-Mousson was appalling. It made the stillness and loneliness of midnight to be felt in the bright sunshine of an August noon.

During August I said my Sunday Masses—one in a chapel in the woods and one in Mamy, a town midway between the woods and No Man's Land. The chapel in the woods had been built by the French, and it was as pretty as it was useful. Here each weekday and on Sunday I said Mass. My congregation was a mixed one—in the sense that it was made up of French and Americans. One ear would hear an American confession, the other a French. Much has been spoken, sung and written of alliance between the United States and France, yet no one, except a Chaplain, had the unique privilege and pleasure of absolving sinners of the two nations, preaching to them, and giving them Holy Communion. As for the sermon, I would preach in English first and then give a resumé in French for the Poilus. From the woods I would proceed to Nancy. The road was under observation, but comparatively safe. Of course, if the German gunners chose to snipe with their 77's I would not have had a chance to escape with my life. The range for rifle or machine-gun fire was too far for accuracy, but for cannon it was suitable. The Germans did not consider a solitary Chaplain walking along that road of an August Sunday morning a target for a shell and so I safely reached my objective, Mamy. Colonel Parker was always kind enough to let me have his car. He would instruct the chauffeur as to where he was to bring me, how long he was to stay, and the return journey after my Mass. On one of these Sunday mornings the Colonel saw me get into the car without breakfast. "Where are you going, Father, without your breakfast?" "To say Mass at Mamy." "Come

in and eat something before you go." Then I had to explain how I had to say my Mass fasting. "That's a tough rule your Church makes her priest follow, Father." "Yes, Colonel, but there are tougher ones the army imposes upon soldiers." Then I would remind the Colonel how days passed at Soissons, when it was impossible to get up the food to the soldiers. They were far hungrier than I was, and yet they had to fast, because food for men during a fight is deemed less necessary than shells and bullets—the food for guns.

While the car ran through the woods it was hidden from German observers, save when a plane would circle above the trees; but the plane would be harassed by anti-air craft guns, and could not see with any comfort or accuracy. When, however, we got clear of the woods and out on the open road, visibility improved and with it, the speed of the car. Thus with a rush we would drive into the ruined streets of Mamy and the car would huddle up against a wall to keep out of sight. With my Mass kit I would get out and enter the only house that was still intact. It was once a butcher shop. I quickly rigged up my altar on a table, and when the men were assembled said my Mass. I could not have many there, for it was imprudent to assemble a crowd in such an exposed place; and permission to say Mass was granted on condition that the men would not be unduly exposed. Often during the Mass the guns would boom, their roar drowning the peaceful tinkle of the Mass bell. But the Mass went on and the men prayed with more fervor than they ever did in their churches from New York to San Francisco. On one Sunday the Germans shelled the road over which we were to go and it was a thrilling ride to go along it wondering if a shell would hit the car.

While I was always fortunate in escaping shells and bullets, not only when in the Colonel's car, but everywhere else, the same good luck was not the lot of many doughboys and Chaplains. One Sunday after my Mass at Mamy, I had to bury two men from Company K, who had been killed the preceding afternoon. The Pont-à-Mousson sector was relatively quiet. This does not mean, however, that sniping and shelling did not go on. Sometimes the bombardments were long and regular, at other times they were short, interrupted and unexpected. One such bombardment killed the two men from Company K and

wounded eight more. Had some preliminary shells come over as range finders, the men could have taken to shelter, but the first two shells that did hit our positions were well placed. Thank God, they did no more damage than the death of two and the wounding of eight men. My orders were to bury the men in the American cemetery, twenty kilometers behind the lines at Saizerais. A motor truck was furnished to transport the bodies. There were no mourners, no carriages. That truck was like a hundred other trucks which we passed upon the road. Some of them carried rations, and some ammunition. Mine alone bore back to their last trenches the bodies of two brave, but obscure doughboys. One soldier was a Jew, from Broadway and Canal Street. It was pathetic to read his letters to his father. In them he talked of how he had done his bit, how when the war was over, he would come back and take up the business again. He had, indeed, done his bit, but neither father nor mother, nor business would ever see him again.

Often as the truck rumbled and lurched along, a weary doughboy would make a sign to us to ask us to let him ride in the truck. Before we could tell him why we had to refuse, he would seize the top of the tailboard and climb in. The moment he saw the two dead bodies with blood on the floor of the truck he would hastily climb out again. Gruesome it was to watch their faces when they saw the bodies, and yet I had to smile, for there was humor in the situation too. When we reached Saizerais, we dug two graves and by the light of a full August moon I had them lowered into their last trenches and begged God to be good to them, since they had given their best for the U. S. A.—their lives. As we came away from the graves a bugler was blowing "taps" in the town of Saizerais. He was blowing the call for the living to retire to their billets. The only "taps" that blew for the dead doughboys was the sudden shriek of the oncoming shell which brought with it for them a billet in a grave and a sleep that is forever.

On August 22 we heard that the 90th Division, composed of men from Texas and Oklahoma, was coming to relieve us. This 90th Division was a new outfit, recently come to France, and was to enter now upon their first task of war.

When the relief was completed the 18th Infantry fell back to the area of Vancouleurs. The men were to hike

the distance in two marches. With Major Crissey, aide to the Colonel, I rolled along in a truck until we reached Toul. There we stayed for the night, and celebrated our return to civilization by a big dinner, which was supper too. We called Toul civilization, because it had no war paint on save sirens on the cathedral towers to warn the city against the approach of German aeroplanes, and anti-air craft guns in concealed places to fire on the hostile aviators. Twice during the night the sirens screamed. All lights were immediately put out. Then we heard the well-known crescendo diminuendo of the German motors. A barrage began next, played by the anti-air craft guns.

The music of motor and gun lasted about twenty minutes. No bombs were dropped by the visitors. They had not been able to penetrate the area of the bursting shells, the defense put up by the guns below. Shortly after, the lights all over the city and in the dwellings were relit, and we were able to see what we had on our plates. Of course we kept on eating during the barrage, but it was a nuisance and a disappointment to dig your fork into an empty space upon your plate. The electric light helped one considerably.

After a good sleep on a real bed, I got up in the morning and washed out of a real basin. Often days go by in the trenches without a shave or a wash. Water is too precious to use for anything else save drinking. To wash and shave with comfort was a keen delight for us. From the hotel I went over to the cathedral to say Mass. The cathedral is a very old building surrounded by a cloister. The gargoyles that leap in stone from their positions high up on pinnacle and flying buttress are not so hideous on the Toul cathedral as they are on Notre Dame of Paris. Nor is the architecture or carved ornaments so imposing. But the antiquity of the structure and the long line of Saints who sanctified their lives within and around its walls make the Toul cathedral a sermon in stone.

From Toul the Major and I proceeded by train to Vancouleurs. What memories of Joan of Arc surged in my mind when I read the name on the station. In Vaucouleurs Sir Robert Beaudrecourt had his castle, and to him Joan came from Domremy to get his aid for the mission she was divinely called to achieve. In Vaucouleurs Sir Robert slighted and laughed at the maid; yet it was Sir Robert's townspeople who equipped the maid with her armor,

sword and charger. The parish church still stands where Joan knelt and prayed, but the castle is in ruins.

My regiment was stationed at Maxey-sur-Vaise, about eight kilometers south of Vaucouleurs. I rejoined it there We were to practice the manoeuvres necessary for our next big battle—the capture of Mont Sec, the highest and hardest hill of all the St. Mihiel salient. Daily we started out at seven o'clock for our day's work. Across the valley of the Meuse we marched and up the steep ridges that look down on the winding river and green meadow lands below. Each day of the training a new ridge or wood or bend of the river was our objective; and each day we captured them all. Having seen Vaucouleurs, having marched along the same road over which almost five hundred years before Joan of Arc had marched, my next visit was to Domremy to see the home of the Maid and say Mass in the village church. This wish I realized one morning by jumping on a truck that would pass through Domremy. I saw the home of Joan of Arc, which is now a museum. I said Mass also in the village church. In memory of the day and the place and the Mass I still wear a medal of the Blessed Maid. Often as I marched over her fields and roads, I lived and moved and had my being in a prayerful romance which fancy easily created. The night we left Maxey for the St. Mihiel salient we passed through Vaucouleurs along her road. Never was a weary march so lightened, never was a night's darkness so brightened as that march and that darkness by a prayer at every step to the Blessed Joan. Here was I come from afar with a regiment that had fought and would still fight against the foes of France. Here was I marching through the night along a road she knew well. Would she not be with me and my men to shield us from wound and death in the fight of September 11-12? This I know: I came through the Mont Sec capture safe and sound; my regiment distinguished itself as at Soissons; the American army in its first all-Americal offensive achieved a brilliant victory—the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient. How my prayers were answered, and how much I owe to the Blessed Maid, I know not now.

(*To be Continued.*)

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE MISSIONS OF THE SACRED HEART AT NESPELEM.

THE ST. LOUIS MISSION AT MONSE TOWN.
THE ST. ROSE MISSION AT KELLER TOWN.

On September 7th, 1915, I arrived at Nespelem for the first time. Nespelem is a small town among the mountains in the northern part of the Colville Indian Reservation, Washington. It is about as far distant as it could be from a railroad. There are in Nespelem and through the valleys and mountains four tribes of Indians: the Neilgsin (Nespelem and Okanogan), the 'Nkamugzin or Moses tribe, the Nayakuzin (Yakima) and the Numipu or (Nez Percez). All these Indians number about 500. Almost all the Nespelem and Moses Indians have been baptized, but the Yakima and Nez Percez are for the most part still pagans. Every tribe has its own peculiar dialect, each differing greatly from the other and by no means easy to learn.

From certain Indians I learn that a missionary has visited these Indians but once in two or three years, even then remaining with them only a few days. Consequently they were very poorly instructed in the doctrine of the Catholic religion, and so almost all had practically fallen back into paganism or become very indifferent in religion. Another by no means small difficulty arises from the fact that no catechism or prayers have been written in the Nespelem or Moses dialect. Last winter I edited a catechism and prayers in the Moses dialect. Next winter, *Deo Adjuvante,* I hope to do the same for the Nespelems, and if successful, I shall have a number of these books printed in the two languages.

Since my arrival 119 Indians have been baptized. The priest, too, assists at the marriages, and when one is dying his neighbors or friends ask for the priest so that Baptism or the other sacraments may be administered. When I first came to this town the Yakima and especially the Nez Percez Indians showed themselves most hostile, but by repeated kind words and deeds I have won them over, and they no longer show aversion toward me. Although they have not yet received baptism, they come to church, attend Mass and hear the sermon. In the interest of all these Indians I have offered myself to God; daily do I pray for

them and suffer and undergo many privations for them, nourishing the great hope that God will one day grant them the grace of a sincere conversion. With these preliminary remarks let me begin my account.

On the 7th of September 1915 I came to Nespelem from the town of Omak. After a survey of the town I selected a place which I thought best suited for starting the church and the mission. The next day I celebrated mass for the first time here, in the house of an Indian, heard a few confessions and baptized three children. Then I went to the director of the Government Agency and asked that the place that I had chosen be given to me for a mission site. Immediately he granted my request. Then for the last time I visited the Mission of St. Francis Regis and Oroville. On the 6th of October I arrived in Nespelem, there to remain. In the beginning I had no house and as for food and sleep, well I took what I could get, but at times I could get neither.

On the 2nd of October I began work on the foundation myself and alone. Afterwards some men came to my assistance, but they helped for one day only, as the rains and then the cold weather made it impossible to continue the work. The workmen returned home and I was left alone. As I had no house and the cold was very severe, I went to the home of an Indian, but was forced to leave it after a few days. Not knowing where to lay my head, I went to the public hospital. A Catholic hearing of my condition, built a little hut for me where I might eat, sleep and, best of all, celebrate Mass daily. In the meantime every Sunday I offered the Sacrifice of the Mass and preached in the public school, then in the public theatre, where I also taught Catechism to the boys.

On the 5th of April, 1916, I began the work of the foundation again. On the 17th of May carpenters began to work first on the house, then on the church. Meanwhile I instructed some boys that they might receive their first Holy Communion on the approaching feast of Corpus Christi.

On the 17th of May I held funeral services in the church for the first time. On the 18th of June, the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity and the anniversary of my first Mass, I offered the Holy Sacrifice for the first time in the new church. On the 22nd of June, as it was the Feast of Corpus Christi, very many Indians came to this church.

Almost all approached the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist. At 8 A. M. three boys and three girls received their first Communion. At ten o'clock I sang High Mass, the Indians forming the choir, and I preached in English and in Indian. At 3 P. M. we had a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament outside the church. So Our Lord was greatly honored in the Sacrament of His love in a public manner, as He had never been before in this town. While the Indians went in procession around the church they sang hymns and canticles, to the great edification of all present. When we had entered the church, I gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and preached again to the Indians. On the following day almost all returned home.

After this mission, through God's assistance, had been begun, I visited other towns, which were very much in need of Catholic instruction, going first to a place called Mamanken. This is not far from a small town called Monse, near the Okanogan river. No priest had ever gone there. Here I offered the Holy Sacrifice in the public school. Many inhabitants of the place came to Mass and since received the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist. All were eager to have a church in their town, and when I told them that a certain very pious lady wished to found a mission in honor of St. Louis, they were very glad. On the 22nd of August I went to Mamankem again to begin work on the church. On the 10th of September I offered the Holy Sacrifice for the first time in the priest's house, before the building was quite finished. Shortly afterwards I returned to Nespelem. From Nesplem I visited the Indians who live in the valley called San Poil, and remained among them baptizing children and adults. I often said Mass and administered the sacraments in a house which served as a church. As this house was entirely too small the Indians of the place held a council and decided that a church in which all the Indians and others might decently worship should be begun at once. The work was begun on May 28, 1917.

On June 1, I had to leave for Nespelem. June 7 was the feast of Corpus Christi, and many Indians came to the town. The evening before I heard a large number of confessions, and made all the preparations for the morrow's solemnity. Rt. Rev. Augustine F. Schinner, D.D., bishop

of Spokane, came to Nespelem for the feast and celebrated the eight o'clock Mass, at which the Indians received Holy Communion from the bishop's hand. At ten o'clock, clothed in full pontificals, the bishop blessed and dedicated the church to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. After the blessing I celebrated solemn Mass coram Episcopo and the Indians did the singing. At the Gospel the bishop preached in English, and I translated his words into the Indians' language. In the afternoon Confirmation was administered to a number, after the bishop had given a catechetical instruction to the large gathering composed of all the Indians and some whites, Catholics and non-Catholics. Then followed the procession of the Blessed Sacrament within the church. The bishop carried the Monstrance and I directed the procession and the Indians sang and recited prayers. At the close of the procession the bishop gave benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and exhorted all to remain faithful to our Saviour. Our church is large, yet its capacity was taxed, and all, even the non-Catholics were very much edified at what they had seen and heard. The following day the bishop returned to Spokane. The Indians too returned home.

From this time until October 10, I visited in turn Katar Valley, Mamanken, San Poil, Rogers Bar and Nespelem. On October 14 I again visited San Poil, this time to build a church. But difficulties confronted me at once. I could find scarcely any workers. However, *Deo Adjuvante,* by November 1, enough progress had been made to enable me to say Mass in the building. Many Indians from San Poil Valley came and received the sacraments. On all Soul's Day I said three Masses and some Indians were present; after dinner I went to Nespelem. On December 24 and on Christmas I sang High Mass. Many Indians and whites came to confession and received; on Christmas Day a crowd of Catholics and non-Catholics was present.

Owing to the fact that my congregations both on Sundays and holidays are made up of Indians and Americans alike, I always give two sermons, one in Indian and one in English. I gave this double sermon twice on Christmas at the midnight Mass and at the solemn High Mass later on in the morning. In the afternoon we had a Christmas Tree celebration.

On February 15, with faculties received from the Rt. Rev. Augustine F. Shinner, D.D., Bishop of Spokane, I had the solemn blessing of the Stations of the Cross in the church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at Nespelem. Afterwards I had the usual Friday night Lenten devotions. On February 24, Palm Sunday, the palms were blessed and distributed before Mass to the Indians and whites who were present. Easter Sunday saw a huge crowd of natives present at Mass; for many of them it meant a journey of many miles. Nearly all of them received the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist. At 10 o'clock High Mass was celebrated, an Indian choir making the responses. I preached in Indian and in English. The service was closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

On the 20th of April I again returned to the Mission of St. Louis, and on the 21st said Mass for the last time in the house of the priest. The ensuing week was spent in preparing the children for First Communion, and in erecting an altar in the new church. It was ready for the following Sunday and I had the happy privilege of saying the first Mass there. The occasion attracted Catholics and non-Catholics alike, and, what was best of all, many received Holy Communion. May 1 found me again at Nespelem, visiting on the way several families who had never before received the visit of a Catholic priest.

On Sunday, May 5, I had the usual services at Nespelem and then journeyed to the Saint Rose Mission in San Poil Valley. During the next month everything possible was done to bring to completion the work on the church there. I was anxious to have all ready for the feast of Corpus Christi, but it could not be done; there was not sufficient material at hand, and, besides, I could not find a suitable man to help with the work. Still, the interior of the church was neatly finished and quite satisfactory. In preparation for the feast, I taught Catechism to those who were to receive First Communion and kept urging all to do their best in honoring our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament on the first feast. Again disappointment. Two or three days before the feast small-pox broke out among the Indians; very few of the First Communicants were allowed by their parents to come to church and most of the elders themselves were too fright-

ened to run any risk. I was not left alone, however. The Indians from San Poil Valley, Inchelium, and Rogers Bar did not seem to fear the disease and gathered faithfully to the church to honor the feast. Many of them received Communion. I celebrated High Mass, but preached only in Indian, for the whites' fear of small-pox made an English sermon useless. At three in the afternoon, the time set for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, my faithful followers of the morning, again crowded the church. The procession was held with great devotion, but in true Indian fashion. During the whole time there were hymns and prayers, and, what was most unique, a band of cowboys, who were present on horseback, made earnest use of their guns and revolvers. In this, their own humble way, did they show honor to our Lord.

Having entered the church I gave benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and exhorted all the Indians to remain faithful and loyal to Christ, telling them that they had greatly pleased Him by their devotion this day, and in return Christ had showered many graces upon them, enabling them to live true Christian lives. Great was their joy of heart and greater still was mine, for during the entire month I had to battle with many difficulties, but my difficulties and labors were blessed in being able to solemnly celebrate for the first time in this mission the feast of Corpus Christi.

A few days ago I returned to this mission in order to arrange for the building of a house, for up to the present I had been living in a small tent. Now at last a small but humble dwelling has been completed wherein I and my successors may find shelter. May God grant that all these Christians may always remain faithful to our Lord Jesus Christ and may those who are not yet Christians receive the grace of baptism so that there may be but one fold and One Shepherd.

EDWARD GRIVA, S.J.

NOTES FROM VIGAN, P. I.

VIGAN, NOVEMBER, 30, 1918.

DEAR FATHER EDITOR:

I'm sure everybody offered up a fervent prayer of thanksgiving when the great war ended. Its end came so suddenly that our legislators here were not expecting it, but when it came they got very busy on the Independence question. For many years Quezon & Co. have been shouting Independence. Now that the United States seems ready to hand it to them they seem equally ready to decline it; that is, absolute independence. A short while before the end of the war was in sight, both Houses of Legislation formed a joint committee to consider what kind of independence they would ask for. This seemed to me like an effort of political leaders to arrange the matter independently of the peoples' voice. As I said above, leaders have been shouting independence in season and out. If independence were given very probably these same leaders would be the first to suffer. The people are saturated with the idea, and if put to a general vote immediate and absolute independence would gain the day. I heard that when peace was declared an intimate friend of Quezon asked him if he were ready for independence, and a very vigorous, spontaneous and instantaneous negative was the reply.

Another committee was formed to go to the States and consult with the authorities there as to what kind of independence was best. Then came the announcement that a special Congressional Committee would come here to examine conditions and that Wilson was going to Europe. At the suggestion of our Governor General the trip of the Filipino Commission was indefinitely postponed. Speaking of the Congressional Commission that is to come here, one paper in Manila, *La Ideal,* asks rather indignantly: "We were promised our independence by the Jones bill. What is this Commission coming over here now for to ask us if we want Independence?" One outcome of the present conditions may be that the United States will keep Manila with some territory immediately adjacent, make it like Hong Kong and Singapore, and hand over the rest of the Islands to the Filipino.

Another splendid example of Philippine politics is being staged just at present in the Senate. Sometime ago, I think toward the end of September, a certain capitalist, Mr. Carl Hamilton, reached Manila. The Y. M. C. A. had heralded him for weeks—a whole page in the dailies announcing his speech to be given in the Grand Opera House under the Y. M. C. A. auspices. The President of the University was chairman, one or two of the Deans also took leading parts. Incidentally, I may say that the Y. M. C. A. and other Protestant forces are appropriating to themselves many of the leading professors of the University. According to the papers, the Hamilton reception was a great success. After about a month in Manila, having incorporated an oil company, of which he had made the famous old Aguinaldo vice-president, he was about to return to the States. Actuated it may be by high moral motives to prevent anything like watered stock, etc., in the many corporations now being formed in Manila (or peeved, as some one ingeniously suggested, at the fact that Aguinaldo and not he had been made vice-president), Quezon made a vicious onslaught on the new company and on Hamilton. The *Bulletin* declared that the attack was simply an attempt to assassinate politically Aguinaldo. Quezon demanded a Senatorial investigation into Hamilton's company and other companies. Hamilton was to leave the Island on a Sunday toward the middle of October, but that Quezon might not appear to have waited until the departure of Hamilton before attacking him, he asked permission to deliver his speech on Saturday, even before the investigation was completed. I suppose Mr. Hamilton will have something to say to Government authorities when he gets to America. It was a little significant that about two weeks after his departure a cablegram was sent to Washington, stating that Quezon had not originated the investigation, but that it had been ordered by the Commissioner of Justice.

Another interesting feature of the controversy is that an immense territory to be used by the Hamilton company was offered by Hamilton to the 15,000 soldiers of the new National Guard as an encampment. Now comes Quezon with the proposition that this land be ex-appropriated and bought by the Government. In a later paper Quezon denies this is his proposition, but states it is the proposition of the Military Board.

The French Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres are doing good work in schools and hospitals and are receiving a number of applicants. They ask only some two or three hundred pesos, and if the girl is good and cannot offer even that, all the Sisters require is that she bring the clothes necessary for her during her novitiate. The condition of the Islands religiously becomes more discouraging each day. It is impossible to save the faith without Catholic schools, and it is almost impossible or even useless to have these schools without the Sisters. Yet, see what we have to face on this question! Vocations to the priesthood are also most discouragingly few. In the lower college classes we find many boys who indicate a vocation to the priesthood. If they could enter the seminary at once their vocation would be assured and the ranks of the priesthood repleted. But with no sufficient means to enter the seminary when in First or Second Year College, by the time they have reached Fourth Year they have generally lost their vocation. It is equally hopeless to expect boys who have finished Seventh Grade in the public schools of their towns and then come to Vigan for High School studies, to enter the Seminary, or to begin even in the College with the intention of being priests. I have met many such boys. I spoke to them of the priesthood, encouraged them to try, but always with the same results—a little enthusiastic at first they soon become discouraged and abandon all idea of the priesthood because they would have to begin Latin and Spanish. It is only when we shall have parochial schools in each town, where the boy from his first grade will nibble a little of religious spirit that we can hope for ecclesiastical vocations. The lately consecrated Bishop of Fuguegarao, a Filipino, is showing himself most zealous and praiseworthy in this respect. Seeing the need of priests in his diocese he is taking boys of Seventh Grade Public Schools and pensioning them. In this way, although little more than a year has passed, he has succeeded in gathering a band of future priests—some seventeen seminarians—who, though seventeen or eighteen years of age, are beginning *Musa, musae.*

Vigan is witnessing just now a spectacle, which I may say, is a good type of what the future may have in store for us. The former Governor of Ilocos Sur, and also Presidente of Vigan, Estanislao Reyes, died in Manila on November 10. Some of my former letters speak of this

man. He was always openly Aglipayan, and when Aglipay came to Vigan he stopped in Reyes' house. The family of Reyes is thoroughly Catholic—mother, wife and daughter being daily Communicants. (The daughter I should say, was a daily Communicant; she died here in Vigan while her father was sick in Manila.) I had often said to myself when I saw Mr. Reyes: "I think I can get that old man to Confession when he is dying." And I or another priest might have had this good fortune had Reyes died in Vigan. But our Lord ordained otherwise. I was called to Manila about the middle of October. Reyes was there sick then. This I did not know or I would surely have gone to visit him.

The first reports here indicated that Reyes had died as a Catholic and the parish priest, Father Brillantes, was quite happy, for he would not have to deny him Catholic burial. But the return of Reyes' son shattered our hopes for such a burial. His father had shown no signs of repentance, had been assisted by Aglipay, and after death had funeral services in the Chapel of Aglipay. I heard that the real head of Aglipayanism—Isabelo de los Reyes, cousin of the dead man—was also at his bedside and urging Aglipay to hear his Confession, the latter only answered: "Oh, he is confessing to God now." To prevent scandal here, the parish priest tried to persuade the family not to bury the body in Vigan. But his counsels did not prevail. Aglipay is reported to have said: "We'll celebrate the Aglipayan ceremonies here and let Padre Brillantes do what he likes when the body reaches Vigan." He told the friends, however, to call him and he would go to Vigan if Father Brillantes did not allow burial from the church. This, of course, Father Brillantes would not allow, so the Aglipayans here prepared grand funeral exercises. There is at the side of the Catholic cemetery a large vacant lot. They decided to build a vault touching the walls of our cemetery and in the lot itself erected a temporary chapel of *Cana* wherein "Mass" was to be celebrated. The Health Director of Vigan refused permission for burial here and ordered interment in the Municipal Cemetery, some distance out from the city. The Aglipayan friends of Reyes, having Quezon and Aglipay in Manila, proved stronger than the Health Director here and went ahead with their preparations. The funeral was made the occasion of a most ener-

getic campaign for the Nationalista Party and for Aglipayanism. Our Rev. Father Rector received the following invitation, gotten up in deepest mourning: "The Hon. Estanislao Reyes y Florentino, ex-commander of the Filipino Army of the Government of the extinct Philippine Republic, and ex-Governor of the Province of Ilocos Sur, died in Manila November 10. The Provincial Committee of the Nationalist Party of Ilocos Sur, through its President, to manifest its deep sorrow in the death of one of its leaders and chiefs, Hon. Estanislao Reyes, ex-commander of the Philippine Army and ex-Governor of the Province, earnestly requests the Rector of the Seminary of Vigan to share in the grief which will be manifest in Vigan, in the Chapel expressly prepared for the celebration of the funeral services, December 4, 1918, at 6.30 A. M." The invitation was signed by the President of the Party and actual candidate for Governor. Accompanying the invitation was a program of the ceremonies attending the arrival of the body in Vigan. The principal number on the Order of March was No. 4, "Apostles of the Philippine Church." It was said Aglipay and Quezon would accompany the remains. I found out that Aglipay had reached Vigan late that same evening while Quezon had not left Manila. The cortège reached Vigan about five o'clock in the afternoon. To the honor of Vigan be it said, no one of prominence in the city assisted and none of the many Vigan autos were in line. After the procession the body was carried to Reyes' house and there it lay all day, December 3. Important religious services were arranged for December 4, at 6.30 A. M., in the improvised chapel, Aglipay officiating and celebrating the Mass. In the afternoon, at 4 o'clock, the interment took place with special services. I said that this celebration shows what might be expected if absolute independence were granted. There might be again a Union of Church and State, but the Church in question would be the Aglipayan Church. I have learned lately (it is now December 26) that Aglipay when he was here for the funeral of Reyes went to the house of one of the richest and most prominent of Vigan's merchants, a good Catholic, and urged him to join the Masons. This the latter refused. At the same time, I heard that quite a Masonic propaganda is going on and that several leading officials have fallen into its nets.

Above I spoke of the proposed departure of the Governor General for America. The departure took place about December 6. Harrison's leaving was accompanied by very little ceremony. He seems to have fallen very much in the estimation of all, especially the Americans. On December 9 Quezon likewise left for America to prepare the way for the Philippine Commission on Independence. This was to have started at the end of this month but papers are not speaking of it now. Two or three days after his departure, on the 11th I think, Manila was surprised by a telegram announcing the marriage of Quezon with his first cousin in Hong Kong. The marriage was a civil marriage. Later the papers stated that in a Chinese port an ecclesiastical marriage had been performed by the Archbishop. As there is no Archbishop in Hong Kong or Shanghai one was led to believe this marriage ceremony was a Protestant one. Later papers say no more of the affair, but since one paper explained that a dispensation was necessary to marry his cousin, it may be that he was married before the Catholic Bishop of Hong Kong. The Manila *Bulletin* said: "The bride is a devout Catholic while Mr. Quezon has been regarded by his friends as more or less of a free thinker." The Catholic paper, *El Filipino,* says: "The lady, Aurora Aragon, today Mrs. Quezon, is a devout Catholic while there is no reason to doubt that her illustrious husband is too." Is not this disgraceful for a so-called Catholic paper? The Bishop here and the Fathers were indignant at such a statement. For two years, especially on the Divorce Bill and on the question of Catholic Federation, Quezon has shown himself openly hostile to the Church. He has publicly assisted at Masonic functions and installed new Masonic lodges, and while a secular paper says "he is considered by his friends a free thinker," a so-called Catholic paper, the only Catholic daily, says, "there is no reason to doubt that he is a fervent Catholic." Surely, I may say, that in whatever direction you look here in the Islands, you see the helpless condition of the Church. I think I may say there is no union among ecclesiastical leaders, no order, no organization. Meanwhile the Protestants are everywhere active, most of all in Manila, everywhere organized. Their latest movement is to establish the Young Women's Christian Association, and the reports of the first meeting speak of the glowing

success that attended their efforts. All the public authorities, and especially school authorities, are prominent speakers in Protestant entertainments, church affairs, commencements, etc., while the leading professors and directors of the University are all active members of the Y. M. C. A. The Manila *Bulletin,* speaking of the above marriage, says: "Mr. Quezon enjoys the distinction of being probably the first of high government officials among the Filipino people to be married outside of the Church." Many congratulations were sent him by the Senate, Assembly and other societies.

Dios sobre todo! is one of the fervent maxims of the Spaniards. "God over all." He holds the destinies of nations in His hands. He alone can say, "hitherto shalt thou come and shalt go no further and here thou shalt break thy swelling waves."

We have had our share of Spanish influenza. We call it here Trancazo. Now small-pox is threatening the Islands and cholera is breaking out in different cities of this Province. Neither as yet is of a violent character.

J. J. THOMPKINS, S.J.

PROTESTANT ACTIVITIES IN OUR PARISH.

LORETTO NATIVITY CHURCH.

DEAR FATHER EDITOR:

A letter describing the Protestant activities in our parish may prove of interest to the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

When we say "our parish," we mean only that part of the parish which lies east of the Bowery, because here our work has been carried on principally, if not entirely, during the past year and here the "cauda serpentina" of Protestant activity is seen the more conspicuously.

Sometime ago Rev. Father Walsh, our Pastor, sent you a brief account of our taking over Nativity Church on Second avenue, between Second and Third streets. The parish limits of this Church are: Second street and the Bowery to Grand street, to Essex street, to Avenue A and Fourth street, to First avenue, to Eleventh street, to Bowery, to Second street.

Those acquainted with New York City will readily see that the southern portion of the above limits is the beginning of the "Slums of New York," known the world over. The "Slums," however, today are not the slums of twenty and twenty-five years ago.

The Bowery, too, the greater portion of which lies in our parish, has put on of late a new aspect. Twenty-five years ago it was a "City of Iniquity" and the dives and cabaret halls and the tempter's gentle voice induced the careless passerby to sin. But now everything is changed. McGurke's Suicide Hall is closed, the Globe Museum is a thing of the past, Germania Sample Room and Dance Hall is forgotten. Closed also are the Granite Club for prize fighters, the Owl Hall for midnight wanderers, Steve Brodie for dare-devils, and Little Jumbo for reckless desperadoes. The Bowery now looks as if it had on a fine, clean garment without stain or wrinkle.

Though the slums of New York are not what they used to be, still there are yet in our parish crowded, filthy tenements in rear yards, dark damp basements, leaking garrets, shops, outhouses and rooms scarcely fit to shelter brutes, into which the sunlight never enters. It is no exaggeration to say that the money paid to the owners as rent for these places is literally "the price of blood."

Walking through Stanton or Chrystie or Orchard or Eldridge street, after ten at night—and a priest is often called to a sick case in these streets at that hour—one must keep close to the buildings for fear of getting hit on the head with bundles or other things thrown from the windows above.

We merely mention all this in order to give the readers some idea of the work that we are expected to do down here in these parts of the slums. Poverty all around! The people are mostly Jews and Italians. Though the Italians form only one-third of the population, still we have in our parish about two thousand five hundred (2,500) Italian families. Multiplying this number by five children to a family we get at once 12,500 children who should come to our Church and Sunday School.

Over twelve thousand (12,000) Italian children should come to our Church and Sunday School, but of this number only a fraction come. What is the cause of this apparent indifference to Church on the part of the children,

an indifference which means a still greater indifference on the part of the parents?

Well, the marvel is that we have even the few children that do come to Church. For the past twenty-five years the Italians have been moving steadily on the east side of the Bowery, making the Jews their neighbors. The Protestants noticed the movement and perceived, even then, that the east side of the Bowery would sooner or later become a great Italian social centre. Churches were built to "evangelize" the poor neglected children of Italy. The method of proselytism used was by no means a credit to the Protestants themselves. They wanted to gain the soul so they began by gaining the body first. The Italians were poor. They came to this country for the express purpose of finding relief in their distressing poverty. They found the desired relief in the various Protestant institutions round about them. As most of them never heard the word Protestant in their homes in Italy and were never told that it was wrong to go to a Protestant church, they naturally were taken in by the Protestants, especially since the Protestants apparently spoke the same words of comfort and of religion as the Italians were accustomed to hear in Italy. They were the more taken in as these words of comfort were accompanied by a glittering coin, or a pair of shoes, or a ton of coal, or house rent. Clubs, day-schools, kindergartens, sewing circles, open air meetings, mid-summer bible gatherings, outings and what not, were all offered to the poor, needy children of Sunny Italy, strangers to these shores. Is it surprising then that we read in one of the old reports of a Protestant church in the neighborhood:

"Our work is among the crowded tenement district and we care for the sick whom the Catholics neglect. We give advice, encouragement, rebuke, sympathy and the gospel message of divine love."

Again: In one of its Annual Reports, the Penny Provident Fund says: "Industrial Classes and other work for the children of this populous neighborhood are accommodated in an old building ill adapted to our purposes. Who will give us a new structure in which a greater and better work can be done? Who will contribute to a fund for the improvement of the present building? The neighborhood swarms with children and they come eagerly to classes. Where could you invest ten thousand dollars or any less

sum to better advantage? This building would be a strong influence toward good citizenship."

A Catholic blushes through shame and indignation when he reads in one of the old yearly reports of a "Daily Vacation Bible School" on the East side of lower New York, that in a single year 21,133 articles of clothing were distributed and 121,204 dinners were served," while in another report one reads:

"Our school is a haven for the newly arrived Italian immigrant. The parents are given advice or letters to help find employment and the children are taken into the school to learn the language. They are fresh from their work in the fields and are ignorant of the simplest rules of cleanliness and decency. The teachers visit the children in their wretched homes, see to their food, clothing, sanitary conditions, and secure for them some hours of schooling each day; but they are struggling against centuries of ignorant and superstitious environment."

Hence it may be inferred that even in those early days the proselytizer was directing all his battle lines against our children. He cared little for the present as long as he got the child. To the child was offered every inducement—money, work, education, pleasure, physical and intellectual, counsel, comfort, everything that could affect the young heart. Then, are we surprised that our Mother, the Church, lost a great number of her children? That many a parent even though personally unwilling to go to a Protestant church, still through poverty, welcomed a Protestant woman in her home and gave her child to be educated outside the Catholic faith? That many a child too, though prohibited from attending a Protestant Sunday School, nevertheless went not for what was taught, but because a promise was made to send him for a two weeks' outing in the summer?

This method of buying or rather robbing children from us is still carried on to a great extent by the Protestants in our parish. A regular supply of shoes and stockings and dresses and food flows daily into the crowded tenements of our parish. This is our handicap! We cannot cope with their riches. One of our fathers in the beginning of summer visited an Italian family and asked if he could not take the two oldest boys to Father Walsh's summer home in Monroe. The answer given was: "Father you come too late—a Protestant woman

has already promised to take my five children to the country. Look what she gave me!" So saying, she showed the father three dresses and five pairs of shoes.

What can we do against such odds?

Summer is the harvest time for Protestants, especially among the children. Every child in the neighborhood yearns to go to the country during the hot months, made doubly hot by the congestion of the tenements. Of course the Protestants have the advantage with their numerous and well equipped vacation schools and camps. Strange how a child formerly talkative and playful with the reverend fathers, becomes disrespectful to the priest after a short stay at their vacational camps! We could quote instance after instance of this. A little child who came to our school during the year, and very playful and affectionate towards us was induced by our non-Catholic neighbor to go to their camp only for two weeks. The child had gone before we learned of it. When it came back the laughing twinkle in the eye had disappeared on seeing us, the child was silent, and ran away from us as we tried to talk to her.

Another instance of Protestant inculcation of disrespect for the priest in the hearts and minds of the children is the following: One of our fathers met three little girls in the street. He greeted them. The children stared at him.

"Good afternoon children—how are you?"

The children were silent, while a look of contempt came over their faces.

"Good afternoon! Why don't you greet me in return?" asked the priest.

The children did not answer in words, but merely stuck out their tongues at the father and walked off. A little boy who was standing near the priest and had taken in the scene said:

"Father those three girls go to the Protestant Church."

The one reason why our pastor, Rev. Father Walsh, started the Summer Home for boys is precisely because of the Protestant activities in our parish among the children. He had had a sad experience with one of his boys, who had been coming to him regularly for advice and was most obedient and respectful. Summer time came, the Protestants asked the lad if he would not go with them for a two weeks' outing. The lad consulted

Father Walsh, who would not hear of such a thing. A few days later a Protestant woman came and begged Father Walsh to let the little boy go with them to the camp, promising not to interfere in any way with the boy's religion, but to allow him to go every Sunday to Mass. He yielded to their request under such conditions. The boy was sent, not for two weeks only, but for all summer. When he came back he never appeared again at our church. On the contrary, he positively turned away from Father Walsh when a few weeks' later they both met in the street.

"God's Providence House" at the extreme southern end of our parish is a great Proselytizer. It is a kindergarten and nursery, but no mother or father may keep a child there even for a single day without promising to send one of the adult members of the family to the Sunday services. This promise is a "conditio sine qua non" of acceptance of the child. The parent is also expected to pay ten cents a day for each child accepted. The number of adults attending these Protestant Sunday services together with the number of children cared for during the month may be gathered from a report, which stated that during one summer month the "House" made as high as three hundred dollars! Again in the summer report of 1918, we read:

"For the month of June, 1918—Aggregate attendance in the roof-playground, 1,168; days open, 22; visits made, 50.

"For the month of July, 1918—Aggregate attendance in the playground, 1,735; days open, 26; number of visits made, 157.

"For the month of August, 1918—Aggregate attendance in the playground, 1,772; days open, 21."

To show how covertly our Protestant proselytizer does his work, employing means which he himself ought to be ashamed of, we shall relate the following rather amusing incident:

A man opposite our church on 2nd avenue, was killed by falling down an elevator shaft. Father Dente seeing the mangled form gave the poor fellow conditional absolution. That evening a young man came and asked for the "Priest's lines" for burial in Calvary Cemetery, stating that the man killed that day was his father. His hysterical cries over his poor father touched us, and so we gave

the desired permit at once. We asked him whether or not he intended to have his father buried from the church. He answered, that though he was a Catholic, he was too poor to pay for any church services.

The next day, about two in the afternoon, we heard a brass band coming down the avenue. We waited in readiness to open the church, if perchance they might still want the funeral services in our church. The first carriage was full of flowers, then came the brass band of ten pieces, then the hearse, and a line of carriages. The procession passed by the church; but as the last carriage came before us we heard the great bell of St. Augustine's Protestant Church tolling.

We were dumfounded! Can it be that the funeral services are to take place in the Protestant Church? We watched till the funeral cortège really turned into Houston street making for St. Augustine's; one of the fathers put on his hat and coat and went at once to see whether or not the dead man was to be carried into the Protestant church; but on arriving in Houston street, he saw no sign of hearse, or band, or carriage or flowers. He sent a little boy into the church to investigate but the boy said that the church was empty. That was consoling for it saved the father the trouble of 'phoning over to Calvary Cemetery to stop the interment, and of writing to the bishop not to recognize the undertaker as a Catholic undertaker.

The next morning the lad who went in to investigate the day before came and said:

"Father, that man was buried from the Protestant church yesterday."

"That can't be," rejoined the priest. "You went in and saw for yourself!"

"No matter father, I know, because he was my cousin—and the whole family is Protestant."

The mystery deepens! To make doubly sure that the man was not really buried from the Protestant Church, the father went to consult Mr. Rotella, the undertaker. This is the conversation that followed:

"Mr. Rotella," he said, "there must be some mistake. You sent a man to me for the 'Priest's lines' to have his father buried in Calvary Cemetery, which permit was given, and you had the boldness to take him to St. Augustine's Protestant Church to have the funeral services performed over him."

"Father," replied Mr. Rotella, "that man was not buried from St. Augustine's."

"I believe you, answered the priest, "because I followed right behind the funeral and when I came to St. Augustine's I found no sign of hearse or band or flowers. What happened? Had you buried that man from St. Augustine's I was going to 'phone to Calvary to stop the burial, and I was going to denounce you to the church authorities as a double dealer."

"Well, Father, my business instinct guided me! I know I would get into trouble if I had the body carried to the Protestant Church, so despite the pleading of the family to do so I refused. I satisfied the people by having the band play an extra piece in front of St. Augustine's Church and then we marched off."

This explanation satisfied the priest for a time, but he was not yet persuaded that something did not really occur. Two weeks later a social worker called on the Pastor and asked him whether he knew such and such a family, naming the family we are speaking of.

"Well, Father," continued the social worker, "that whole family is a family of hypocrites; they are really Protestant but they parade themselves as Catholics." "By the way," broke in the priest, "when the old father died, was he really buried from the Protestant Church?" He asked this because he saw the hearse making for St. Augustine's.

"No, Father, he was not buried from St. Augustine's; but do you know what the hypocrites did! They knew or at least the undertaker told them that they would get into trouble if they held the funeral services in the Protestant Church, so they had the Protestant Minister come to the house and perform the last rites over the body in private."

Thus was the difficulty and mystery solved!

That some of the tactics used by the Protestants among our Italians are positively dishonest may be seen from a prayer book used in one of the churches. The book is thoroughly Catholic and orthodox. The frontispiece is a picture of Our Lady and St. John at the foot of the cross. This is to catch the unwary, for the Italians have a great devotion to the Mother of God, The Protestants know this, hence they scatter pictures of Our Lady among the people to attract them to their church, telling them that there is no difference between them and the Catholics, that

they also believe in the Mother of God, in the saints in the Mass, in confession, in Communion, in everything that the Catholic Church believes. An old Italian woman once mistook the Protestant Church for our church. She told the writer that an attendant met her in the vestibule and seeing her, a stranger, escorted her to a pew. The man at once took a picture of our Lady, called her the Virgin, the Mother of Jesus, and a good woman, but not different from any other good women. He declared that his church was like the Catholic Church, but only they did not believe in the priest and the Pope. The stranger at once realized her mistake and said: "Sir, I know I am in the wrong place, so good-bye."

To come back to the prayer book! It is simply a Catholic prayer book, with the exception perhaps of one word in the middle of the book, which calls the elevation of the Host a representation of the lifting up of Jesus on the cross.

A Catholic is astonished to read in the table of contents:

"The Blessed Sacrament.

A method of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The Way of the Cross.

Litany of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Sacrament of Penance.

How to make a good Confession."

Nor are these mere titles, hiding Protestant doctrines concerning the Sacrament of the Eucharist, the Mass and Confession, but the very matter contained under these titles is one hundred per cent Catholic.

For example, we read concerning the Mass:

"When the priest stands at the foot of the Altar saying his secret prayers, consider with what desire the Patriarchs and Prophets waited for the coming of the Messiah.

"Call to mind the Last Supper in which Jesus instituted the Holy Eucharist. Is it not right that you should acknowledge His excessive love?

"At the Kyrie, recall the denial of St. Peter, who did not repent until the Lord looked upon him."

"The carrying of the Book of the Gospel side represents Christ led from Pilate to Herod. He was questioned as to His doctrine, mocked and rebuked.

"At the Offertory: Recall to mind Jesus scourged by

Pilate's soldiers. Think of the resignation of Christ and His offering Himself to bear all things for the redemption of mankind.

"When the priest washes his hands, think how Pilate tried to excuse himself for his most wicked act by washing his hands but did not escape the guilt itself."

The above reflections are illustrated by beautiful pictures of Christ suffering, and of the priest celebrating Mass, while beautiful Catholic prayers and ejaculations follow.

What wonder that many of our Italians are deceived by this trickery of the Mass. How this is carried out we shall explain later.

D. Cirigliano, S.J.

(*To be Continued.*)

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS.

The World Problem: Capital, Labor, and the Church. By Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J., Associate Editor of "America." New York. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 1918.

This valuable work comes out at a most opportune time. In it Father Husslein treats thoroughly and with authority the entire question of Capital and Labor and the Church. One of the greatest questions of the day is this: Shall the world be Christian or Socialist? It is discussed everywhere and by everybody. Catholics, therefore, and especially our Catholic teachers and working people and employers should have a concrete knowledge of this world problem; and of the mind of the Church on all the actual issues connected with capital and labor. The reader will get all this in Father Husslein's book. In a clear, popular, scientific and interesting way he places before us every phase of the great social problem. The book is equally intelligible to the ordinary reader and satisfies the specialist student.

The subjects treated are such as capitalism, socialism, labor unions, monopolies, prices, strikes, social legislation, minimum wages, unemployment, the farm problem, the woman labor question, the state and labor, the state and property, cooperation, Government ownership, etc. A particularly valuable feature for the Catholic reader is the constant use made of Papal documents. It will be of the greatest benefit in school and college where these questions cannot be passed over in silence. There is a valuable and elaborate index, making the work one for ready reference.

L'Instruction Obligatoire, Principes et Conséquences. P. Hermas Lalande, S.J. Montréal, Imprimerie du Messager. 1300 rue Bordeaux. 1919.

This little work of one hundred and fifty pages treats the old and yet ever new and very difficult question of Obligatory Education. At present this question is being widely discussed in Canada. For more than fifty years an anti-clerical journal of Montreal has been insisting on it, so much so that its specious reasonings have apparently hoodwinked some Catholics. And yet the advocates of a state-enforced education, an education entirely under the control of the state, aim at doing in Canada what an infidel government has done in France with such disastrous consequences. They would secularize education, and so deprive it altogether of its religious character.

Father Hermas Lalande in his brochure discusses the whole question of Obligatory Education, with special reference to conditions in Canada with admirable clearness and completeness, and declares against it. The work has be-

come very popular. The "Ligue Patriotique des Intérêts Canadiens" appeals to all Pastors and Superiors of colleges and convents to do their utmost to spread it among the people.

Researches into Chinese Superstitution. By Henry Doré, S.J. Translated from the French, with notes, historical and explanatory, by M. Kennelly, S.J., First Part: Superstitious Practices. Profusely illustrated. Vol III. T'usewei Printing Press, Shanghai, 1916. On sale, Kelly and Walsh, Shanghai, China. Price $5 (Mexican currency).

The Jesuit Fathers of the Mission of Kian-Nan, China, whose headquarters are in Shanghai, for the last few years have been publishing a very large and valuable compilation on Chinese superstitions. The author, Father Henry Doré, S.J., is an energetic worker. He has succeeded in securing from natives a large number of authentic documents illustrating the thousand and one superstitions which entwine the poor Chinaman from the cradle to the tomb. These, accompanied by clear and learned commentaries, notes, translations and explanations have been splendidly reproduced in vivid colors, such as the Chinese like, by the Catholic orphans of the T'usewei Printing Press. About fifteen volumes of the French edition have already been issued; others will soon follow.

Father Martin Kennelly, S.J., an English scholar of the same Mission, deserves all our gratitude for conceiving the happy idea of translating this work into English, and enlarging it with prefaces and notes both historical and explanatory, for the benefit of students of comparative religions and Chinese scholars of England, America and other English-speaking countries.

The book we are reviewing is the Third volume of the First Part. "Completing as it does the doctrine and popular notions contained in the two preceding volumes . . . this third volume of Researches into Chinese Superstitions deals with the form, mode of writing, and explanations of charms and spells." The importance of the book can be gathered from this simple remark that both charms and spells are vital parts of the Chinese religion.

In a learned preface, Father Kennelly gives the reader historical, philosophical and critical explanations of the characters (ancient and modern), principal parts, form, make-up, efficacy and writing of charms. A comprehenhensive knowledge of the "San-kiao" (the three religions, viz. Confucianism, Taoism and Budhism), was required for such a study. This permits the author to give us a very clear definition of a charm. He says: "A charm is an official document, a mandate, an injunction, emanating from a god and setting to work superhuman powers who carry out the orders of the divinity. . . . It is, in fact, the quintessence

of Taoist and Buddhist lore, esoteric mysticism and practices, based on ancient cosmic notions, largely Confucian and handed down by books and traditions."

After having mastered the subject of exercising terms, mythological elements, symbolical animals, stellar gods and Chinese puns, intimately connected with numbers of curious superstitions, Father Kennelly proceeds to give a thorough interpretation of the significance and underlying doctrines of nearly ninety charms. Great variety reigns among them. There are charms for hastening delivery, assuring a happy rebirth, delivering from Hades, rescuing from the Buddhist purgatory, expelling devil, protecting from fire, curing of persons, warding off epidemics, stopping vomiting, curing persistent stomachaches or headaches, healing sore eyes, dispelling sadness, stopping nose bleeding and several other ridiculous things.

We wish Father Kennelly's Researches into Chinese Superstitions compilation to be largely spread and read among Chinese scholars as well as among both Professors and Students of Theology, Comparative Religions and History of Religions of English-speaking countries.

The Nobles' Sodality of Our Lady of the Assumption of the Gesu in Rome. From the Archives. By Father Elder Mullan, S.J. The Queen's Work Press, 1919, St. Louis, Mo.

We quote from the preface of this work: "The present history makes no pretense of being anything more than its title says. More indeed could be said about the individuals who composed the Nobles of the Sodality of the Gesu at Rome, but it was thought inappropriate to say it here, where the purpose is the portrayal of the life of a Sodality and no more."

"The plan followed is that of gathering about the Common Rules whatever could be conveniently connected with them, and of throwing the rest of the matter under the heads of finances, yearly events and annals."

OBITUARY.

Rev. John H. Neander.

Among the victims called by death during the influenza epidemic at Gonzaga University, Washington, Rev. John H. Neander, S.J., will be long and lovingly remembered by all who had ever known him.

Born in Sweden, Europe, on October 2, 1877, he pursued his elementary and classical studies in his native place. At the completion of these he engaged successfuly in business for several years. It was during this time that he gave an example of the deep sense of justice by which he was guided even before he had been received into the Catholic Church. An opportunity was offered him of deriving considerable profit if he would dispose of some slightly damaged goods without mentioning the fact of the imperfection. But he positively refused to accept the offer, stating that for no amount in the world would he ever stoop to dealings of the kind.

Father Neander was, at this time, about twenty-four years of age. As his business interests were connected with several houses in France, he was obliged frequently to visit that country; and these occasions he made use of by visiting places of interest and studying the life of the people around him. What impressed him most, among the public edifices which attracted him on every hand, were the numerous cathedrals, which have been for centuries the delight of tourists, and stand as monuments of the taste, piety and zeal of the people who reared them.

Nor was the admiration he felt confined to the material splendor only of these masterpieces of architecture and art. His soul being cast in an heroic mold, was easily influenced by the grandeur of the religious ceremonies which took place in them on the more solemn festivals of the year; while the attitude of the silent worshippers, who filled the churches on such occasions, had such power over him that he was firmly convinced that a religion which could produce the piety he witnessed in them, must surely be divine. Swayed by this conviction, he began seriously to examine into the merits of the Catholic Church with the purpose of following its teachings, should he find them to satisfy his yearnings for the truth. The perusal of a few books under the direction of a pious abbé, whom he chose as guide, sufficed to prove to him beyond a doubt that he had at length found the truth he had so long been seeking. Once convinced, nothing could stop him from

taking the momentous step, which was to carry him to the priesthood in the Society of Jesus.

The exact place where his baptism took place is not known; but it is safe to say that he received it in France, the country which had exercised over him such salutary influence.

It was characteristic of him never to do things by halves. So, after receiving baptism, he begged to be admitted into the Apostolic School of Amiens. Here his business experience was called into service and the finances of the college were confided entirely to his management; a duty which he performed with the utmost exactness and success.

After spending five years at this Apostolic School, he applied for admission into the Society of Jesus. Through the influence of the late Father George de La Motte, S.J., he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on July 24, 1904. Here he spent three years; two years of novitiate, and one in reviewing his studies. From St. Andrew's he came to Spokane, where he spent the three years from 1907 to 1910, in the study of philosophy. After completing philosophy, he was sent for one year to St. Francis Xavier's Mission, on the Crow Reservation, Big Horn county, Montana, where he showed himself a model of humility and zeal in caring for the needs of the Indian children attending school there. The next three years saw Father Neander here at Gonzaga, as treasurer of the University. At the end of this period he was relieved of his onerous duties, that he might take up his final studies. For this purpose he left Gonzaga for St. Louis, Mo., in August, 1914. The four years he spent at St. Louis, in the study of Theology, were marked, like everything else he put his hand to during his whole life, by constant and persevering application, and crowned with most enviable success. In fact, so remarkable were his merits in this respect, that at the end of his studies, the professors under whom he had followed the course, appointed him examiner of the students of philosophy. The study of Theology over, Father Neander was ordained priest, in St. Louis, Mo., June 27, 1917. After ordination, he remained in St. Louis till July of this year, when he was recalled West. During the months of July and August, this summer, he exercised his priestly duties in Seattle, where he was highly esteemed by every one who came in contact with him. He arrived at Gonzaga towards the beginning of September, where he had been appointed to teach Philosophy and English to the senior students of the University. The assigning of Gonzaga as a Unit of the S. A. T. C. changed his ap-

pointment to the professorship of languages and mathematics. The influenza epidemic found him engaged in the latter duties when it struck him down, and tore him from our midst on October 21, 1918.

In stature, Father Neander was uncommonly tall; yet so well proportioned that his height, though striking, did not offend the eye. His forehead was broad; his light-blue eyes clear and piercing; the whole countenance expressed unmistakable signs of that strength of character which stood out boldest among his other remarkable qualities.

To the very end Father Neander showed himself a model of that deep fidelity to duty which had been remarkable in him during his entire life. He had suffered from a slight attack of influenza for about two weeks before he finally yielded to the violence of the disease; his uncommon physical strength refusing to give way without a supreme effort for mastery. About the 15th of October he was forced to bed by a very high fever, which rose considerably during the few days following. On the 18th he was told that he must go to the hospital. By this time pneumonia had developed. But even now he would not believe that he was sick. The very last words he was heard to speak before stepping into the ambulance were these: "I'm all right; I do not see why they want to take me to the hospital." But he wasn't all right. The Sister who received him at the door of the hospital said that Father Neander walked into the hospital without any help, with a fever of 105 degrees. His condition was already too hopeless to offer any chance of recovery. So on October 21, 1918, strengthened by those consolations of religion which he himself had afforded others, in the exercise of his ministry, he went from among us, leaving behind him the bright example of his many virtues.

We may confidently hope that he is now enjoying that happiness in Heaven, which our Savior said would be the reward of those who for His sake leave father, mother, brothers or sisters, and whatever else they held dear in the world.—R. I. P.

MR. AUSTIN T. HOWARD.

A clever young scholastic, universally beloved and specially cherished by his pupils and fellow members of the St. Ignatius faculty, Mr. Austin T. Howard, S.J., fell a victim to the influenza.

The end was not expected either by himself or his friends. Gradually but steadily the disease made headway in spite of the careful attention of physicians and of the Sisters at St. Mary's Hospital. While the patient

prepared himself by prayer for the great passing, his friends and relatives prayed that God, in His goodness, would spare a life so full of noble deeds and of promise.

The prayers of the patient were heard; fortified by the last sacraments, he died calmly and with holy resignation on Sunday, Oct. 27, 1918, at 6.05 P. M. His friends and his relatives mourn his loss, but they find some comfort in the thought that to dear Mr. Howard, as to his brothers in religion, Saints Aloysius, John Berchmans and Stanislaus, may be applied the words of Holy Writ: "His soul pleased God; therefore He hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities," or those others: "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time."

Austin Howard was born in San Francisco, October 1, 1890. At the completion of his High School course at St. Ignatius, he entered the Novitiate at Los Gatos in August, 1907. He passed successfully through the five years of training at the Novitiate and was sent to Gonzaga University for his scientific and philosophical education. In 1915 he became a member of the faculty of St. Ignatius and by earnest devotion to his work and self-forgetfulness he won the hearts of all with whom he had any dealings.

The young Jesuit's efforts were not confined to the class room. He was director of the Red Cross salvage work at St. Ignatius, and it was owing to his untiring zeal and the enthusiastic response of the students that St. Ignatius High School won the gold cup presented by the Red Cross officials. He had planned to win this cup thrice in succession so that the trophy might be retained.

Besides his work in the class room, Mr. Howard had charge of the St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society. This society is composed of High School and College students and has a long standing reputation for efficiency in the services of the altar. Under the direction of Mr. Howard the altar boys not only lived up to former standards, but for regular attendance and devotional attention to their sacred duties, established a standard of their own. Mr. Howard was untiring in his work of training new members and of perfecting the old.

The secret of Mr. Howard's success in all his undertakings was a genuine earnestness and a spirit of self-sacrifice. He had acquired these two sterling qualities in his novitiate days and in subsequent years cultivated and expanded them. His earnestness was the outgrowth of a thorough realization that he was doing God's work; his self-sacrifice was inspired by his endeavor to become ever more and more like unto Christ, to whom he had bound himself by the three vows of religion.

Mr. Howard's funeral on Oct. 29 was attended by his mother and sisters, besides many relatives and friends. The Sanctuary Boys were present in a body. The Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father P. J. Foote, president of St. Ignatius, and the members of the community were present in the sanctuary. The interment was at Santa Clara where Father Thornton, president of the University, officiated at the grave. R. I. P.

MR. HENRY P. McGLINCHEY.

"His is the glory of being the first American Jesuit, who redeemed his love for India's sons by the sacrifice of his young and promising life." This is the concluding sentence in the *Bombay Examiner's* obituary of Mr. McGlinchey, and it might appropriately be cut into the stone that sentinels his early grave.

For he had just stepped into the vigorous thirties, with a single decade of Jesuit service to his eternal credit, and with a will strong as his stocky frame to endure many more decades of deeds, when his reward exceeding great opened in infinite vista before his surprised eyes.

It is hard to be sad when writing of this young Brother Triumphant; a scholastic, who served God cheerfully on three continents; whose love was of the apostolic kind 'that braves a thousand waves and burns with mounting flame'; whose feet were tireless to interpret the rule—'our vocation is to travel to various places where there is hope of God's greater service and the help of souls'; on whose willing shoulders, ere yet a priest, weighed the multiplicities of a missioner's burden; a scholastic, whose eager hands were folded 'ere morning in his work had nooned'; and whose body now rests in peace on the same shore of the Arabian Sea as lies the body of India's Apostle.

Sad, to sketch such a happy career! There is no tiny corner for sadness in the inspiring life story of this young Yankee Xavier.

Mr. McGlinchey, was born in classic Cambridge August 18, 1888. There was a prophecy, that came gloriously wrong, uttered when Henry was a tot in Grammar School. One day Archbishop Chapelle of New Orleans, entered Henry's classroom. His Grace asked the children catechism questions and his attention was taken by the boy's clean-cut replies. So laying his hand on the little fellow's head, he said: "My child, some day you will be a missioner, and perhaps, a Bishop." Henry never forgot that incident and would retell it on all occasions.

Possibly, during his years at Boston College, he was already looking ahead to life in the fields afar, for he iden-

tifies himself prominently with debating and dramatics. His Shakespearian impersonations are still remembered and among his numerous successes as a speaker was the unique honor of being the first Freshman ever to win the Boston College Oratorical Contest.

Mr. McGlinchey finished Junior year at Boston College, and then with a foolish fear,—quite forgetting the missionary prophecy,—that his approaching entrance into the Society might confine his steps to the Atlantic Seaboard, he and a chum,—the Harry Tattan of many a tale,—signed up on a cattle steamer, bound for Europe.

Mr. McGlinchey never cared much for beef after that crossing, but he saw England, France, and Italy economically and thoroughly, and in Rome knelt at the feet of Pius X.

In September of that year, 1908, Mr. McGlinchey entered on the decade and ten days that were to be his earthly Jesuit life. Shrewd Father Pettit, whom many love to remember as "Father Master", soon saw the practical worth of Brother McGlinchey, and honored him, a novice, with the task of conducting several eight-day retreats for recent novice arrivals and stray retreatants.

St. Andrew and Woodstock years flowed by as smoothly as the nearby Hudson and Patapsco for Mr. McGlinchey, till, one day at the end of his First Year at the scholasticate, he was told that he was to be a member of the Innsbruck community for the remainder of his philosophy.

So again he dropt America astern and, skirting shadowy Gibraltar, landed in Naples, en route for that Austrian scholasticate. Mr. McGlinchey's tongue was better than his pen, hence he kept his Alpine stories for his return.

In July, 1914, he was seeing Europe with his priestly brother, Dr. Joseph F. McGlinchey, Director of the Propagation of the Faith for the Boston Archdiocese, when the great war broke out. It was at Stonyhurst that his Provincial's cable caught him and like many another Yankee tourist, he came home under the rush hour ferryboat conditions of that memorable September.

Again at Woodstock, he finished his Third Year Philosophy. The fall of 1915 found him earnestly at work at his first status, The Loyola School, New York City.

Naturally he had Dramatics, and he was deep in dress rehearsals for "The Merchant of Venice" when Father Provincial's letter gave him greetings, and asked him was there any serious difficulty why he should not leave immediately for India?

He once told a friend that when the Provincial's note reached him he sought the chapel and knelt up straight and prayed. And to quote him: "Then I saw The Great Adventure, all it meant, and the sacrifice made, I got up off my knees and came out to begin to prepare for the trip."

In March he sailed out of the Golden Gate on the *China,* and ere his 15,000-mile cruise to his next status had ended, he had seen many foreign missions in many foreign lands.

There was that first halt at palmy Honolulu and an afternoon dip in Waikiki's heavenly surf; a dinner stop at our new Tokyo college; and a night with the Shanghai Jesuits. During the fortnight wait at Hong Kong for the P. & O. boat, Mr. McGlinchey went up to rebellious Canton and saw and smelt China. Coming back to Hong Kong, he spent a never-to-be-forgotten day and night with the living dead of Shek Lung Leper Settlement. Then the *Nagoya* came and it was time to head for the Equator, and stops at Singapore and Colombo and up the warm Malabar Coast of India. Off Goa, he was privileged to glimpse at the white facade of the old church, in whose side chapel lies the incorruptible body of his patron and brother, St. Francis Xavier.

It was in May, 1916, that Mr. McGlinchey landed at Bombay. Within the month he started in at St. Mary's High School as Assistant Prefect General. This was a responsible position, corresponding to an American Prefect of Discipline, and at once his winning personality and winning Yankee ways won him the esteem of the varicolored and multi-nationalities of that melting pot of a school.

Those were strenuous days, for St. Mary's was understaffed and overcrowded, and Mr. McGlinchey had three men's work to do with these two hundred boarders and three hundred more day scholars.

He directed sports and prefected; introduced American games and, as far as he was able, American methods, and lost nothing in popularity. When it came time for the December holidays, he marshalled the sixty odd orphans to their hill station barracks at Khandala, and his first real rest was his delayed annual retreat. This he made in the neighboring Detention Camp at Khandala, where a German father, prisoner of war, conducted the exercises. Then he started on a tour of the Admednagar mission districts, and arrived in Bombay in time for the January opening of the school year.

By this time he spoke Hindustani like a Sahib, and his increasing familiarity with the "foreign"-to him-games of hockey and cricket, gave him a chance to assist his Parsi coach. He put a Baghdadi Christian, with the soul of a

Jew, in charge of the compound tuck shop, but Mr. McGlinchley had a mysterious St. Nicholas way of adding to the tuck shop credits of the poorer boys. He found time to take on an hour's teaching in 4th Standard. He got a husky Irish sergeant to volunteer and each Sunday the older babas (boys) learnt something of the manly art. He managed Company L, Bombay Volunteer Rifles, the school Cadet Corps, and spent a week with them under canvas at Santa Cruz. Several times, when Acting Headmaster of St. Mary's, he broke precedent and took the delighted compound to "the cinema shows" on Charni Road; only by this time, following Mr. McGlinchey's vocabulary, the babas said "movies" instead of "cinema." As there was class on July 4th, Mr. McGlinchey scraped together the necessary funds and rented a real Wild West film, and that American Independence night in our compound these British babas cheered cowboys and red Indians and Mr. McGlinchey.

During the December holidays, he made a trip through the Gujerat mission fields, and, incidentally, shot monkeys and deer.

Then in February, 1918, the demand for a teacher at Karachi became so urgent that Mr. McGlinchey was transferred to that outpost of empire on the edge of the Sind Desert; a thousand miles north of Bombay and almost neighborly to Beluchistan.

Here at St. Patrick's High School he began his last status. He was Assistant Prefect of Studies with three hours a day class, Latin and English, and other hours, several days a week, in the night school. Outside of the classroom he had charge of sports, and his Superior is responsible for this statement: "In a remarkably short time by his vigorous, yet kindly and sympathetic, personality, he raised the tone of the whole school." He even found time to give little entertainments for the children in the nearby convent.

And it was in the midst of these busy hours that his eager hand was grasped. He had gone with several fathers to Mughar Pir, where lepers, crocodiles, and sulphur baths were the triple attraction, and on his return to Karachi, said: "There are pains all over my body."

This was on Thursday, Sept. 19. He taught class on Friday, but he stayed in bed Sunday. Forty-eight hours later he had pneumonia, and his Superiors thought they had better take no chances and so he was moved to the Civil Hospital.

From here it is better to quote from the letter that Father Edward T. Farrell sent to Henry's brother:

"I do not think he had a premonition of his death, but he said to me: 'Don't you think I better make my Confession, Padre Sahib, so as to be sure?' 'All right,' said I, and sat down on the bed. He made a general confession. There was no worry, no fear. 'If I cannot die a Martyr for the Faith, I can die a Martyr in the Faith,' he said to me after Absolution. Then as I was leaving, he called me and said: 'Give me two rupees. I want to give one to Kasiram, the Hindoo servant, and to Hipcolyte, one.' The Superior had made Mr. McGlinchey Minister of our little house and in his thoughtfulness he was thinking gratefully of the house servants.

"Friday morning, Father Thomas Barrett, coming back from his vigil, said to me that I had better anoint Mr. McGlinchey. I went right away to the hospital and told him I had brought him Our Lord. After Communion, I told him he was getting no better and I was going to anoint him for safety's sake. He was perfectly conscious, answered all the prayers. I gave him the Plenary Indulgence and he kissed his Vow Crucifix happily.

"About ten o'clock Saturday morning, when I came to relieve Father Barrett, I began to lose hope. I told him to pray to Our Lord's Sacred Heart, and asked him if he was willing to go Home, if Jesus wanted him. 'Yes; I am willing, but am I going to die?' 'I don't know, but the odds are against you. We will do all we can for you, but, my dear, be ready. Our Lord may wish this sacrifice of you. I think He wants to use all your knowledge of India for future good in America, but I can't be sure. But trust Him, Our Lord knows what's best.' 'I am ready. God's Will be done!' he answered.

"Mr. McGlinchey fell asleep soon after. Then became delirious and thought his mother was at his bedside. Father Barrett relieved me, and when I returned to the hospital shortly after midnight, he looked as if he was dying. The nurses said he was conscious, but neither Father Barrett nor I could get any response. And then at 4.30 A. M., Sunday, September 29th, a few short breaths, and Mr. McGlinchey was with God.

"If Harry McGlinchey had been a Cardinal, the services that Sunday afternoon—we bury soon in hot India—could not have been more solemn or more impressive. Harry's body had lain in state in the church from after last Mass. All afternoon the parish and school boys streamed in. At five the big church was crowded as it has seldom been. The compound outside was filled.

"The Goans, and this parish here is made up mostly of Goans, are a musical people, and they chanted the office

of the dead beautifully. The Men's Sodality carried Harry's body to the cemetery, about half a mile away. A native body of soldiers was the military escort. And the majority of the parish walked behind, for they were anxious to honor this American Jesuit, who was well known and really loved."

So there in distant Karachi, Sind, under the palms and banians, lies the willing body of this gifted, generous-hearted, zealous and energetic scholastic.

Now that Our Lord has shown He wants more Henry McGlincheys from our province for the Indian fields afar, may his life be an inspiration, may his labors bear rich fruit, may his happy death be that of many American brother Jesuits! But though his successors in our Asia, labor long and successfully, none of them can take away the peculiar glory that is Henry McGlinchey's, for "his was the glory of being the first American Jesuit, who redeemed his love for India's sons by the sacrifice of his young and promising life."—R. I. P.

MR. EDWARD J. PEACOCK.

The death of Mr. Edward J. Peacock, S.J., was a sad surprise to his many friends, for even before they knew that he was sick, he had passed away. But God, Who had thus far led His servant over thorny paths, saw fit to relieve him of further suffering. For to say that Mr. Peacock died of the influenza is only half true. The influenza found in him an easy victim on account of the already shattered state of his health.

The first cases of influenza appeared in St. Michael's Scholasticate, Hillyard, Washington, on October 25th, 1918. It went rapidly through the whole community. Mr. Peacock was taken ill on Wednesday, the 30th. The usual remedies were applied, but the treacherous disease attacked his nerves, never strong, and now unstrung by worry over his sister's serious condition, and pneumonia set in. For better treatment, he was taken to the Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane, on Nov. 6th, and his relatives were notified. After a restless night Mr. Peacock began to improve during the next day, and when Father Rector visited him in the afternoon, the doctors held out hope. About 6 P. M. a turn for the worse set in and it was seen that the end had come.

Mr. Peacock was conscious until within a few minutes of his death and employed the time in gaining merit for heaven. Twice within the last hour he said to the Sister: "The end is drawing near; time is short." He said his beads over and over again until bade not to tire himself,

but to follow the sisters. This he did and said after them acts of faith, hope, love, contrition, and resignation. Before the end he renewed his vows with deep devotion and calmly expired at 8 P. M., Nov. 7th.

One of the Sisters who was with him when he died said of Mr. Peacock's death: "In the thirty odd years I have spent in hospitals, I have never witnessed a more consoling and edifying death." What was most consoling about it was his resignation. For years Mr. Peacock had fought the battle of health and longed to reach the crown of his religious life, the priesthood, but when the final summons came, like a true son of St. Ignatius, he obeyed without a murmur.

Mr. Peacock was buried at Mt. St. Michael's on Nov. 9th. The funeral was attended by the members of the Scholasticate as well as by the Rector and others from Gonzaga University, Spokane.

Edward Joseph Peacock was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Jan. 28th, 1890. He was the youngest of five children, two of whom besides himself entered religion. Shortly after his birth his family moved to northern Wisconsin, but returned to Milwaukee while Edward was still a small boy, and lived there until after he entered the Society.

Edward's primary and High School education was gotten in the public schools of his native city. He early showed an aptitude for books and did well all through his course, graduating from High School at the early age of sixteen, with a record that exempted him from all examinations in Fourth Year High.

After a year's rest from his books, Edward entered Marquette College in 1908. On account both of the high standard of the Milwaukee public schools at that time and of his own record in them he was placed in Sophomore class. As heretofore, Edward continued to do well, especially in mathematics and science. It is generally observed that talents both for literature and science are rarely found in the same man. This rule found its exception in Mr. Peacock. He was a devotee of the arts and a lover of the sciences. He was well-read and had a good style both in prose and verse. On the other hand he had intended to specialize in science. Nevertheless it cannot be said that Mr. Peacock was of intellectual temperament; or that had he lived, he would have been a shining light either in literature or science. It was not that he had not the brains, but that he lacked that self-confidence that seems to mark off that type of man. Before an examination he would be absolutely convinced that he was going to fail, though he knew his matter, and would come off well.

Edward remained only one year at Marquette before he answered the Master's call. Even from his earliest childhood he had felt more or less distinctly the desire to follow Christ; but the circumstances at the time of his entrance into the Society required a great deal of courage and generosity on his part. He was the youngest and the only child left to his mother. He was tenderly devoted to her and put her wishes above anything in the world, and it was the sorrow that he would cause her that hurt him more than at leaving all the goods of this world. Even her permission gladly and graciously given did not ease the pain; but the Master called and he "must be about his Father's business."

On July 24th, 1909, Edward entered the Novitiate of the Missouri Province at Florissant, Mo. The probation which he then began was to be a terrible ordeal that was to end only at death. Whereas he had formerly enjoyed good health and was of a very athletic build, no sooner had he entered the noviceship than God laid upon him a cross of suffering that he was to carry to the end. His novice life was characterized by great generosity to God. By nature he was proud and exceedingly sensitive; but so effectually did he trample upon these defects that later on he was to be looked upon by those who did not know him as of a very yielding and pliable disposition. Whether or not efforts in this line, together with other efforts that the atmosphere of religion would urge on a nature such as his; whether these, together with the many sudden changes that the novitiate effects in a man's life had anything to do with his decline in health, cannot be said with certainty. However the fact remains, that simultaneously with his noviceship began a general decline in his health. His nervous system was apparently being undermined. Terrible headaches came upon him that sometimes drove him into a raving unconsciousness. An operation was deemed expedient. This was within a few weeks of his first vows and he made up his mind to be back for them. He did not return until the very eve of his vow-day, but fully determined, as far as in him lay, not to permit the moment of his oblation to be deferred. Rev. Fr. Meyer, the Provincial, granted him his desire, and to his great joy he pronounced his vows, July 31st, 1911.

The first year of Mr. Peacock's juniorate was cut short by the increasing violence of his headaches, and at the end of it he was sent to teach at St. Ignatius' College, Chicago. The diversion relieved him somewhat, but the work bore heavily upon him. Two more operations were necessary, and though they helped him temporarily, the doctors told

him that he did not have long to live. He told his sister that he was resigned, but that he would like to reach ordination.

Mr. Peacock's regency was a success not only from the educational side, but also from the religious. He had great influence with the boys, and lead rather than drove them. They repaid him with a respect and confidence that were quite extraordinary, and often times disconcerting to himself. They came to him with their troubles, and his words of encouragement, but more especially the prayers and mortifications he offered for these young souls trembling in the balance, did more for them than a lot of advice. A few were destined to be led by him from more than ordinary dangers, another few, it is said, were helped to the higher life of the Society.

In these works of zeal, however, Mr. Peacock did not forget his own soul's welfare. He kept up faithfully all his spiritual exercises, even when rushed to death with work and traveling with the football and baseball teams. Nor did he allow himself to be overcome by the spirit of the world; he used the good things of life, and no one enjoyed them more than he, but he did not let them take possession of his heart.

After three years' teaching in Chicago it was thought that his health would permit him to take up his studies again. He left St. Ignatius' having gained the good-will of the Rector and the faculty, and to the sorrow of the boys he had taught. The return to the juniorate was not altogether disagreeable to him. He wanted to return, not only because he felt his deficiency in classical studies, but also because he wished to recuperate himself spiritually. No doubt he felt that he had fallen back, but it was a sure sign of the solidity of his virtue that he did feel so, and that he had the efficacious desire to repair any losses. So his superior regarded it and at the end of the year he expressed his appreciation of it as well as of the good example Mr. Peacock had given the Juniors.

This was in 1916 and at the end of the vacations it was decided that Mr. Peacock should go for philosophy to the new scholasticate of the California Province at Hillyard, Washington. It was thought that the change of climate would do him good. Little did he think as he came West that he should never return.

In the study of philosophy Mr. Peacock applied himsef with great earnestness and no little success. But the seriousness with which he went at it told still more upon his health. At the end of his first year he had another operation, but like the former ones it did not help him materially. Yet he did not relax his efforts either in his

studies or in his religious duties. The broken-down state of his nerves now began to affect his eye-sight and hearing. He had frequent fainting spells and could hardly retain anything on his stomach. He felt continually fatigued and could get up no ambition to work as he wished to. The doctors declared that he could expect no lasting cure and contented themselves with administering stimulants to give him some artificial vitality and prolong his shortening span of life. Thus during the vacations of 1918 he took an electrical treatment, which the doctors said was the only remaining remedy; if it failed, there was no hope. As long as it lasted he felt better; as soon as it stopped he relapsed into his former ennui. It was only a question of time until he should go. The "flu" came and attacked the vital spot, his nerves, and Mr. Peacock fell a victim to it.

As can be seen the history of Mr. Peacock's life is mostly a narration of his sufferings. But God seemed to lay this cross upon him to bring out his true character. He was not only intellectual; in him the heart was uppermost. His favorite books and his few literary endeavors all deal rather with the affections of the heart than the achievements of the intellect. To refine this tendency from all that was gross; to make him see in his fellowman the image of his Savior; to unite him still more with that crucified Redeemer, God allowed him to suffer.

Thus generosity may be called Mr. Peacock's characteristic virtue. He was generous first and foremost with God, especially in the matter of his vocation. His systematic nervous troubles were enough to drive any man to seek alleviation in a less arduous state of life. And the doctors as much as told him that a life of diversion would do more towards his cure than any medicine. But like the psalmist he preferred a short life in the house of God than a long one in the world. This generosity extended itself as a natural consequence to his neighbors. His was not a dead love, but one made quick in deeds of kindness. He hardly ever sought his own happiness directly; his greatest happiness was to make others happy. He would give away anything, no matter with what ties of memory and affection it was bound to him. This spirit of generosity became proverbial, so that when anything was wanted the first thing that was said was: "Ask Peacock." Consequently he gained many friends, though this was never his motive for giving.

If Mr. Peacock was kind to all he was particularly so to those in trouble and to those in an humbler station than himself. In a letter to his sister, the nun, he wrote: "I have often remarked to some of my friends that the

kind words we say of a man after he is dead, and beyond the influence of such things, most likely were just the things he needed to draw him closer to God and to encourage him in his work. Yet they are withheld. We find it hard to realize, that, often enough a course of action is determined and a line of conduct pursued for good or evil, as a result of a kind or unkind word." Yet he realized this, and acted upon it, and felt the same in himself. A kind word did as much for him as a gift would do for another person. But in his kindness he never stopped at kind words.

With his inferiors he always preserved a certain dignity but this did not prevent him from helping them in many ways. He had many friends among the lay-brothers and it is to one of them, perhaps, that he owes his speedy deliverance from suffering and entrance into Paradise. At St. Michael's there was an aged brother, a very holy, and lovable old man, who as his end drew near became very feeble and helpless, yet he would not trouble others to assist him. Mr. Peacock noticed this and unasked, yes unknown save to one, he used to clean the brother's room and perform other even more menial services for him. The only reward he asked was the brother's prayers. One day, as the good brother felt his end approaching, he told Mr. Peacock that he would do "something" for him when he got to heaven. The brother died on Oct. 7th; Mr. Peacock died on Nov. 7th. This was indeed "something" worth while and an ample reward for the kind services done an humble coadjutor brother.

Mr. Peacock's inner life was one of solid piety. Notwithstanding his weak health, unless unable to get up all during the day, he invariably rose at 5 A. M.; made the Stations of the Cross before 5.30 Mass; and made his meditation regularly. During the day he kept himself in union with God by saying the Beads of the Blessed Sacrament as he went around the house. His spiritual life had much of the childlikeness of the "Little Flower"; yet it was very virile. It takes a man to suffer as he suffered, that is, to bear it as uncomplainingly as he did, and as secretly. Often when he felt a fainting spell coming on he would rush to his room, and there be found lying on the floor. And he would conjure the one who found him thus not to tell anyone. Many and many a night he would pace the floor in agony, and if put to bed he would only toss from one side to the other, press his temples, and tear his hair, totally unconscious of what he was doing. Sometimes those spells lasted for two and three days, and they came at least once every month.

However, Mr. Peacock had his faults, but these were largely the result of nature and circumstances. He was sensitive to a degree and could not stand the least slight in word or deed, though he had conquered himself sufficiently to conceal the pain at the affront. Often only one word, said perhaps in jest, would completely upset him and bring on a terrible headache. Moreover on account of his weak health he was liable at times to be impatient with himself and others. But he knew his faults and strove to overcome them. His particular examen book was marked up to the day he got sick, and he often asked his friends to point out his defects to him.

At the end of his second year of philosophy Mr. Peacock seemed to have a premonition of his approaching end, or at least God inspired him with a greater desire for perfection and led him to prepare himself more immediately for death. After the retreat in July, 1918, he told a friend that he had made a general confession of his whole life and resolutions of a more far-reaching nature than ever before. In several things distinct progress could be noticed in him. He became less sensitive, or at least he was more tolerant of the slights that used to cause him pain. He detached himself more from the world and cleaved more to God. He redoubled his efforts in his spiritual exercises. A month or so before he died he began reading Father Coleridge's "Prisoners of the King," which aroused in him a deeper devotion to the Holy Souls in Purgatory. He was soon to be among them and no doubt these efforts in their behalf shortened his own purgatory.

It is very consoling to think that though sudden, Mr. Peacock's death was not unprovided for. He sent before him many merits, especially of suffering bravely borne, and left behind him many friends whose debt of gratitude to him urged them to impetrate his speedy liberation from the cleansing fires of purgatory. Mr. Peacock did not perform any great feats for the glory of God or the salvation of souls that might excite the admiration of men; but God alone knows what he accomplished in the recesses of his soul, and by his words and deeds of kindness and the bright light of his example, which he shed abroad wherever he went.—R. I. P.

FATHER VINCENT TESTA.

After sixty years of faithful service in the Society of Jesus, Father Vincent Testa, beloved by everyone whose privilege it was to know him, was called to his eternal reward in Heaven. The end of his self-sacrificing life came with a certain degree of suddenness but special provisions had been made for the journey. He was anointed

on Christmas eve, received Holy Communion on Christmas day, and on the day following, December 26, 1918, he received Holy Viaticum in the evening. He was sitting up, perfectly conscious; he spoke to the Father who was saying the prayers for the dying when calmly without a struggle with no apparent pain or agony he bowed his head and his earthly journey was ended.

He had known that the end was near, but he did not seem to know that it was so very near. He died sitting on the side of his bed with his feet resting on the floor, as if he were about to get up and continue his work.

Always patient in his sufferings, submissive to the wishes of superiors, joyful even, despite the certainty of death's approach, he continued so to the end. He had no fear, no anxiety, no desire except to do God's will. Why should he have feared? Death for him meant only one thing. It was "a going home," a going to meet the Master Whom he had served all his life and in special manner for sixty years in religion.

The end came at Santa Clara where over fifty years ago he began his labors as a young Jesuit scholastic and where, after his ordination, he had spent nearly twenty-five years as Treasurer and parish priest. His departure from this life received little or no notice in the press, his funeral was quiet and simple and unattended except by his religious brethren and a few secular friends. His grave in the small cemetery at Santa Clara is unadorned except for the little marble slab that bears his name and age; but his memory is held sacred by thousands, especially, we dare say, by those whom he comforted in the confessional and in the sick room, and his reward is very great in Heaven.

Vincent Testa was born in Malta, September 2, 1841. He attended the Jesuit College there until at the completion of his studies he entered the Novitiate of the Roman Province, on his seventeenth birthday, September 2, 1858. It was no slight thing to join the Roman Jesuits at that time. The young Vincent Testa must have remembered the disturbances of 1848, when not only the Jesuits were expelled from Rome, but even the Pope himself was forced to fly to Gaeta for safety. He must have known that, though in 1858 there was an apparent lull in the revolution, it was no more than the proverbial calm before the greater storm. If the Jesuits had returned to Rome it was quite certain that they would be driven out again.

He applied for admission, however, and entered the famous Novitiate of St. Andrea. It was there that St. Stanislaus had spent his ten months of his novitiate. The

novitiate building was very prominently situated on the very top of the Quirinal. To the young novice a wonderful panoramic view of the Eternal City unfolded itself. His walks were through scenes of ancient and of modern history; to churches that had come down the centuries with all their primitive splendor and their traditions of sanctity. He visited the tombs of the martyrs and the scenes of their martyrdom.

It must therefore have been a surprise when the young Jesuit scholastic, Vincent Testa, was ordered, with his brethren to leave Italy. Those who knew Father Testa in later years, so simple, so amiable, so willing to sacrifice himself for others, will find it hard to imagine how anybody, even the revolutionists of mid-nineteenth century, could regard him as a dangerous or an undesirable citizen. But he was a Jesuit and anti-Jesuit propaganda had been so systematically spread that he had to bow to the fate, common to all Jesuits at the time, of moving from one nation to another.

Vincent Testa as a young scholastic was sent to France where, at the time, there was more tranquillity. He completed his literary studies there, and offered himself to superiors for the work of the foreign missions. California needed men for the colleges and for ministerial work and the young scholastic was told to prepare for California. After a short stay at Georgetown University, where, it seems, he completed his philosophical studies, he was sent to Santa Clara College, in 1865. For eight years he remained at Santa Clara as professor of the classics and Assistant Prefect of Discipline.

In 1873 we find him in Woodstock, Maryland, preparing for the priesthood. His success as a student of Divinity was universally recognized. He completed his course with honors, was ordained and after one year additional study returned to California and resumed his work at Santa Clara. He was appointed as an assistant to the Treasurer of the College and, besides teaching French and Italian, was one of the Prefects of Discipline.

Besides his work in class room and office, he was given charge of the parish at Saratoga. His flock was small and scattered but by assiduous efforts he succeeded in gathering them together and shortly after he had taken charge of the parish, he erected the church which is still in use. For some time, too, Father Testa was the pastor of St. Clare's church at Santa Clara and managed the affairs of this big parish with such zealous attention to every need that he won the hearts of all his parishioners.

One of the marked qualities of Father Testa as parish priest was his diligent care in preparing his sermons. Though he had many occasions to gain facility by prac-

tice, he never trusted the exposition of the word of God to the inspiration of the moment. Every sermon was carefully studied and written out in its entirety. He was known to complain of lack of time for this preparation. It mattered not whether it was the small church at Saratoga or the larger church at Santa Clara; he had such an exalted idea of the duties of a preacher of God's word that he prepared during the entire week.

In 1893 Father Testa was sent to Los Gatos as Minister and Procurator, and those who were novices at the time recall with pleasure his care in providing for them little unexpected diversions.

In 1897 he was called to San Francisco to assume the duties of Treasurer when that office had been left vacant by the death of Father Maraschi.

From that time, 1897, until a little more than a year before his death Father Testa was Treasurer of St. Ignatius Church and College. His experiences were varied. Hardly had the institution emerged from the debt contracted in 1878 by the erection of the church on Hayes and Van Ness streets, when the devastating fire of 1906 destroyed in a few short hours, the work of half a century.

The immediate erection of a temporary church and college and the subsequent building of the new and greater St. Ignatius church, together with the universal depreciation of property, placed another and heavier burden of debt on the shoulders of Father Testa. In spite of its weight, in spite of the increasing difficulties in the way of removing it, the genial Father was never known to grow diffident. He did not view it in a merely natural way. Whatever the lack of foresight or the vicissitudes of property values might have been, Father Testa was accustomed to look upon the situation as one that had been brought about by an earnest desire to promote God's glory. When human props failed he leaned on Divine Providence and his unwavering trust made him joyful even in the midst of temporal anxieties.

Hidden though his life has been by reason of the duties of his office, Father Testa was not unknown to those who frequent St. Ignatius' church. Like Father Demasini and Father Calzia and so many more who have been called to their reward, he was always faithful in the confessional. In the depths of winter, in rain or fog or frost, he could be seen climbing the hill, at half past five on Communion mornings, to begin his work in the tribunal of mercy. Even after he had been relieved, because of his failing strength, of his duties as Treasurer, he continued his work in the church.

Several times during the past two years he was stricken by sickness and had to spend weeks at a time in St. Mary's Hospital; but as soon as his strength returned he began again his struggle up the hill, with painful slowness at times and with frequent pauses for breath, but with the same smile and cheering word that were his in the days of his strength.

Another way in which Father Testa showed his zeal was in visiting the sick and consoling the bereaved. He had spent so long a time at St. Ignatius that he knew and was known to many in different parts of the city and even outside the city. Never was he known to have failed any of his friends when sickness or death had visited their homes.

With his religious brethren he was the soul of simplicity and amiability. He never permitted his sufferings, —which were many and grievous during the past few years,—to cause anxiety to others. On the contrary he was ever ready with an innocent joke or a word of cheer. Never was he known to complain of the lack of accommodations in the poor wooden building which, since earthquake days, has been the home of the Jesuits. In fact when he was sent to Santa Clara, where the accommodations are far better, he felt keenly mortified. He was willing to stay to the end in the small, cold, comfortless room which he occupied for more than ten years.

R. I. P.

FATHER PATRICK F. McCARTHY.

Father McCarthy had just finished a mission at Westerly, R. I., and was to take the afternoon train from New York for a two-weeks' mission at Scranton, Pa. For some months, he had been troubled by an almost continual earache; the pain however, though at times, most severe, was not sufficient, in his udgment to make him interrupt his missionary work. He must have been suffering most acutely on this Saturday morning, for he consented, with the urging of a friend, to consult a doctor. On his way to the station, he saw the Doctor and from that office went not to the train and the continuation of an apostolic life that was his sole ambition, but to the hospital and the consummation of that life. Father McCarthy was suffering from a well-developed case of mastoiditis, and within an hour after he had been taken under the care of the devoted nuns, he sank into a coma, never again fully to recover consciousness till he looked clearly into the eyes of the Master. On Tuesday, October 1st, 1918, the day on which he was to have been preaching repentance to the people of Scranton, in his own vigorous,

apostolic way, he was breathing forth his soul at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York.

His sudden death occurred just five years after the time that he had finished his preparation in the Society. It was an abrupt close to a life that had already deepened into something great and holy. From his birth in Ireland, in 1878, to his entrance on the Mission Band, he had spent 35 years in preparation, for five short years in the public life. The proportion might seem unequal, if one did not realize that the preparation itself was as important, according to eternal standards, as the active life. It is God's way to take both into account. In the case of Father McCarthy, the hidden and the public life differed only in accidentals, he himself was of the kind that never changes; he did and would remain ever the same, even to the end. He entered the Society on the 12th of August, 1898, after having made his preparatory studies with the Christian Brothers in Providence, R. I., and at Holy Cross College. The story of those early days and of his life at Frederick and Woodstock, is the same as that of his career on the Mission Band. The duties and difficulties, the successes and trials were different, but the man was unchanged, save that the same admirable traits were fortified and strengthened by the years of experience. His five years of regency were spent at St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, where he was engaged in the ordinary routine of scholastic life plus as many more duties as he could crowd into the day. This same tireless zeal characterized his later life, for according to the testimony of a fellow missioner, Father McCarthy, "did two men's work, and even then was ready to fill anybody's place in an emergency." To the St. Joseph's students of that period, (he is one of the outstanding memories), whenever they recall their college days, many an anecdote of big Father McCarthy enters into their conversation. There was about him a constant radiation of ability and power and his personality impressed the growing minds indelibly. His methods were authoritative without being domineering, and though he seemed stern and inflexible, the boys always knew that his severity was to be measured by an Irish heart and a well-balanced judgment.

During his theology at Woodstock, Father McCarthy began his proximate preparation for the short life-work that was to be his. He seemed to be well fitted for either two futures, that of Superior, or Missioner. Accordingly, after his theology he was appointed Minister at the St. Inigoes Villa; the year following, after his Tertianship, he received the same appointment at St. Inigoes and

at the Keyser Island Summer School. His success in these offices, however, was not so marked, for his responsibilities worried him and made him give the impression of a too great severity. In the other course to which he seemed by nature fitted, the years of theology were valuable. He had the presence, voice and mental equipment of a preacher, but at this period his self-consciousness and awkwardness in public appearances were overwhelming. With the advice of Superiors, he gave himself to a course of training to cure these defects, by giving the nightly points to the Brothers. During almost two years, he continued this work with great enthusiasm, and so minute was his preparation, that he practically wrote out every word he was to say. The experiment was most successful, for he acquired a confidence in himself and an ease that counted much for his later success. When he did enter the public pulpit, as a member of the missionary band, his timidity and stiffness were gone; he was a missioner of the old school, bold, authoritative and denunciatory. His strong, simple sermons raked the hearts of his hearers, and brought great crowds, especially of men, around his confessional.

During a mission, it used to be said of him that he lived in the confessional. But it was only the noblest kind of zeal that kept him there, for he would be tortured by the revelations that he heard. Repetition never seemed to make him used to them, and familiarity never made him callous to the horror of sin. This made his missionary life more difficult, as it impressed on him, by nature too serious, the great sadness of humanity. He worried too much, and would become so distressed over a "hard story," as to lose a great part of the little sleep that a missioner gets, wondering what he could do to help. "It's a bad world— a bad world" was a phase of his which his friends got to know and rally him about. Like the Master, Father McCarthy could forgive and sympathize with marvellous tact, but he could not help being touched by the sadness of it all.

And yet this too-great seriousness did not wither his geniality. One who knew him well writes: "He was an Irish tease among his friends—but always good-natured; his hearty laugh, was sure to sooth away all annoyance." While a fellow missioner says "I'm very lonely without him and catch myself looking for him, waiting for his laugh as he strode up and down my room, his face all aglow with innocent merriment, telling of some recent amusing experience." But even in such moments of relaxation, one could not help sensing the undercurrent of

seriousness. His jollity and honest laugh, however, were surface charm; and though sincere and wholehearted, never quite concealed the grim seriousness of his deeper heart.

Were Father McCarthy to hear even the scanty comment in these few lines, he would blush deeply and smile hopelessly and brush it all aside with a familiar gesture. He wanted no praise or tribute, and when it was given, knew not how to accept it. He was extremely clever in his appraisement of others but not shrewd enough, in the worldly sense of appreciating his own worth. In ordinary life, he never lost his bashfulness and unobtrusiveness, and they formed a strange contrast to his physical stature. At a first meeting with him, it was, perhaps his size combined with such gentleness and earnest simplicity that attracted one; he seemed to ponder over every word that was said and to reflect most seriously even over trifles. Though he was not a man of many words, when he did begin to talk, it was not very many minutes before one realized that he was a man, every inch of his six feet and more, a strong man, with a powerful personality and a deep, understanding spirituality. But the strong man never quite hid the child-like gentleness that gave him such charm. In the later years especially, he was the kind of man in whom one would wish to confide, with a firm feeling that the trust would not be misplaced. His tact, and kindness and unobtrusive sympathy were such that few could resist. His charity had a kind word for all and was ever ready with an excuse for the delinquent. This was true even when he himself was the victim of an injustice. According to the testimony of his best friend in the Society, the hardest thing he ever heard Father McCarthy say about a man, was in complaint of an unfair report about himself. Father McCarthy merely remarked "He shouldn't have said that, he shouldn't have said it." There were no recriminations and no rancor was left in his heart for the offender.

So it was, that Father McCarthy in the midst of unimpared strength and consuming ambition to bring souls to God, was called away from his mission suddenly and, as it would seem, before his time. In the ministry, his life-work was short, but God judges the preparations as well as the effects and successes. If our standards be the same as God's norm, Father McCarthy was ripe for the call. For his friends' judgment of him are well summed up by one of them, who writes "I never suspected that I was so fond of him; he was so sincere and genuine, a thoroughbred every inch of him, without a particle of guile or meaness—his equal is hard to find nowadays, anywhere." R. I. P.

VARIA

Australia, Melbourne.—Our fathers began a work of importance last year—public lectures on a big scale to non-Catholics on Catholic teachings. The presence of the Archbishop, His Grace Dr. Mannix, drew throngs of people, and long before the doors of the hall were opened, crowds lined the street. The title of the first series of lectures was "National Foundation Stones," dealing wth the Church and Social questions. The next series was on "Religious Foundation Stones," touching on the dogmas of the Faith. Then followed "The System of the Church," practically the treatise De Ecclesia. This year Apologetics will be the theme. These lectures are held on Monday evenings in winter and have now become an institution. Besides the work of organization, our fathers have given most of the lectures.

Newman College.—Another matter of importance for the Society was the handing over to our direction of the newly built Newman College—a constituent college of Melbourne University. The Catholics of the State of Victoria, in all about 300,000, have given nearly $200,000 to build and equip this college. The ground was given free long ago by the government, which also gave similar plots to the Anglicans, the Presbyterians and the Methodists, each of which bodies has like ourselves a college in the University reserve. These colleges provide residential quarters and tuition to men students of the University, and form an integral part of the University. The State Governments permit no private universities, each state possessing one of its own. Hence the direction of a college like Newman is the nearest ours can get to university work. Newman College, named after the English cardinal, was designed by an American architect, who came to Australia to carry out his plan for the new Federal capital. Newman buildings are said to be like those of Leland Stanford, California, and while admirably adapted to the practical needs of the students, have met with much criticism from local architects. Architecturally they are not imposing. The Rector and Dean of Newman, Fathers A. Power and D. Kelly, were sent out from Ireland expressly and with them an Australian, Father W. Ryan, is associated, making three Jesuits in all. The medical, legal and engineering tutoring is done by laymen, some of them resident. The College was opened a year ago under Father J. O'Dwyer as Acting Rector and secured more than its fair share of the

honors and exhibitions in the university examinations. Three of the students who had been boys under Father O'Dwyer at our Xavier College took three of the biggest Science scholarships. By building the College the Catholics of Victoria have secured an influence at the University which will serve them well in the public life of the State.

Xavier College.—Our largest school in Australia reached its highest number this year, 300, and has continued its scholastic successes under the new Rector, Father J. Sullivan. The college authorities are anxious to open a preparatory school to make provision for the large number of young boys who apply for admission every year. Xavier boys are just now in training for the inter-school rowing race, called the "Head of the River Race," one of the greatest social events of Melbourne. Some 30,000 people come to it. Xavier is the only Catholic school in the association of the "Public Schools," as it is called. It is a very exclusive organization of social and educational importance. Hence Xavier is truly the representative of Catholic interests in the school world of Victoria. As a memorial to the old boys who fell in the war, the college intends to build the much-needed college chapel. The present temporary one cannot hold more than half of the boys and is merely a room which would make two also greatly needed class rooms.

Our Parishes: St. Ignatius Richmond.—This parish is popularly reputed to be the best organized in the diocese. It is a hive of activity with its schools containing 2,000 children, its men's, boys' and girls' clubs, its tennis courts and billiard rooms, its fine hall, where picture shows, concerts and amateur plays are running the whole year round; its sodalities that cater for every class of the parish, and which are always splendidly attended. The superior is Father J. Brennan, Jr. As it is a workingman's district, the work of visiting is heavy for the six fathers stationed there. The superior of the Mission lives there and lends a hand.

Hawthorn.—Our other Melbourne parish, adjoining Richmond, is keeping its place at the head of the parishes for charitable collections. Recently it was the first in the hospital collections, as it was at the top in the collections for Newman College, to which it gave nearly £4,000. It is in the happy position of being free from debt, though it has one of the finest Gothic churches in the diocese. It has developed of late in the direction of providing clubs for the young people of the district together with a fine tennis court. Father T. Claffey is superior.

Status Changes.—Besides the appointments to Newman College mentioned above, the New Year saw Father O'Dwyer transferred to St. Aloysius College, Sydney. To the same college went Father McCarthy as minister in place of Father P. Magrath who has taken Father Guinee's post of superior of Sevenhill, South Australia. Father G. Byrne, the master of novices, has been recalled to Ireland and Father J. Corcoran of Riverview College has been made master of novices. Father Griffin went to St. Patrick's, Father J. Egan to Xavier, as also Father Nerney and Mr. McKillop who have just come from Ireland. Messrs. D. Nerney, L. Murphy and W. Owens went to India to begin their theology. Messrs. Brickley, Whiteley, Coakley and Hughes were sent to St. Aloysius and Messrs. Meagher, Hollis, Craig and Collopy to St. Ignatius, Riverview.

Death of a Chaplain.—Father E. Sydes died in London of pneumonia and the Mission is very much the poorer for his loss. He had been a barrister on entering the Society and had a marvellous influence over men. Many of his men's sodality in North Sydney, on hearing of his death, broke down. He was a distinguished graduate of Melbourne University and a personal friend of the Chancellor.

St. Patrick's College.—This, the oldest of our houses in Melbourne, is still doing fine work in the public examinations under its recently appointed Rector, Father T. O'Dwyer. Its old boys, too, at the University are doing very well, one of them securing the most valuable scholarship in Arts. The Sodality for laymen, founded many years ago, is a means of doing spiritual good to a class not expressly catered for in most parish sodalities.

Belgium. *Missions Belges.*—This most interesting Review has resumed publication at 22, Boulevard Saint Michiel, Bruxelles. The first number to reach us, January, February, March, shows the old vigor and life of this organ of the Belgian Mission.

Tronchiennes.—Practically empty after October, 1914, Tronchiennes filled up somewhat in 1915 owing to the presence of some tertians and novices; but it was deserted once more in 1916, and the tertianship was moved, first to Arlon, and later to Marneffe, and a noviceship was opened at Alken. An order, which had long been anticipated, came on August 7, 1917, to hand over the buildings to the Germans to be used as a hospital. The corridor, in which the Rector's room is situated, the chapel and library, were alone left for Ours; and sometimes as many as 2,000 patients were housed in the rest of the building. Signs of the coming deliverance were at hand in October last; and the Belgian troops reappeared on November 3. Then fol-

lowed the worst week of all, for the enemy bombarded the village from Ghent, and eight or nine shells struck the abbey. By armistice day, practically all the windows were broken, the roofs and walls were full of holes, and the tower was in a most dangerous state. It is hoped, however, that the tower may be saved; and such good progress had been made by January 1 in repairing the house, that it was fully expected that the novices would be able to return during that month, and the tertians in February. The damage done is estimated at 250,000 francs.—The Belgian Province has now published a Catalogue, the first since 1914.—At Antwerp forty German corpses were found in the cellar of the Institute, when our Fathers regained possession of it—Courtrai was isolated from Brussels for so long that they received notice of 33 suffrages in one batch when communications were reopened.—A soutane now costs 800 francs (=£32), and a pair of shoes 200 francs (=£8).—*Letters and Notices,* April, 1919.

Boston. *Young Men's Retreat.*—The annual retreat given under the auspices of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston opened in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, on Sunday, April 6. As men from all over Greater Boston make this retreat each year, both the upper church and St. Valentine's Chapel (lower church) were used.

The retreat in the upper church was given by Rev. Jones I. J. Corrigan, S.J., professor of philosophy at Boston College. The retreat in the lower church was conducted by Rev. Gerald E. Treacy, S.J., of the faculty of Boston College.

The music at the retreat, always a feature, was given by the choir of the association, consisting of fifty male voices, under the direction of Thomas J. Hurley. The retreat closed with the special Mass at 7.30 o'clock on Palm Sunday morning, at which all the men who attended received Holy Communion. After the Mass breakfast was served in the College Gymnasium.

The success of these annual retreats has occasioned many similar retreats throughout Greater Boston. Last year more than a dozen such retreats were given, in which forty thousand men took part.

British Guiana. *Bishop Galton's Remarkable Experiences.*—Bishop Galton, who left Georgetown during April on a visit to the Rupununi mission on the Brazilian frontier, returned unexpected to Georgetown on July 22, 1918, after a sufficiently thrilling experience, which he thus describes in the Demerara *Daily Argosy* of August 3:—

"I am without anything, having lost my clothes, soutane, rochet, mitres and crosier, pectoral cross and ring, in the Ireng River." After describing the route followed in reaching the Mission of St. Aloysius on the Tipuru, a tributary of the Ireng, with his companion, Father Cary-Elwes, he continues:

"From there we were to go by boat to St. Ignatius, Takutu. We had been in the boat only ten minutes when we came to a rapid or small fall, which the crew tried to shoot. Three waves came into the boat and then it struck a rock and we found ourselves in the river. I found the tent-boat over me. When I came to the top I got on to the boat, which was upside down, and so floated a short distance till it struck another rock and I was again thrown into the water.

"I then saw Father Cary-Elwes floating near me; he was in difficulties, having his gown on. I had all my clothes and boots on and had dislocated my left arm at the shoulder. However, the Indians managed to hand out bush-ropes to us and pulled us in. We spent the night under a rock, as I could not walk back further, and the walk would have meant that one had to go about half a mile climbing over large boulders, and it was close on dark. So we sat in our wet clothes all night watching for the morning, with no means of making a fire and with no food. The next day some of the boys who had gone to neighboring villages came with a little farine. . . . Father Cary-Elwes lost his travelling Mass things, chalice, vestments, etc., all his baptismal, marriage and other registers, his camera and a lot of photographs which he had taken on the way.

The accident happened on June 12. Among the things lost were the Holy Oils, so that one of the main objects of the expedition, the giving of Confirmation to the converts made by ather Cary-Elwes, was frustrated. Father Cary-Elwes has baptized upwards of 1,000 Indians, and has established chapels at six places.

TESTIMONIAL TO REPLACE THE LOST "PONTIFICALIA."

In connection with the return to Georgetown of his Lordship, Bishop Galton, a meeting was held on the 25th July at the residence of Mr. William Cunningham, Camp Street, Georgetown, the Very Rev. Father Killion, S.J., V.G., presiding. Also present were the Rev. Father Mayo, S.J., Dr. C. J. Gomes, the Hon. J. P. Santos, Messrs. Battencourt, O'Dowd, Gonsalves, Camacho, Cunningham, de Caires, and Mr. W. Cunningham, who acted as Secretary. The meeting was convened at short notice to consider the question of replacing his Lordship's *Pontificalia,* lost as

the result of the boat accident in the Ireng river, and also to convey to his Lordship the congratulations of the Catholic community on his safe return.

The meeting, which was most successful, decided to approach his Lordship with a view to persuading him to take a trip to a colder climate as early as practicable for the benefit of his health. It was also agreed, with the approval of Father Killion, that special thanksgiving services be held at the Pro-Cathedral, Brickdam, and the Church of the Sacred Heart, Main Street, on Sunday afternoon, August 11th, and that the *Te Deum* be sung at those services. A testimonial will be organized with a view of meeting the cost of the Pontificalia which will be presented to Bishop Galton at the Brickdam Presbytery after the service on the afternoon of Sunday, August 11th.

BUFFALO. *Canisius College.*—The "Victory meeting" of the American Chemical Society at Buffalo was the largest in the history of the society. Numbering at present over 13,000 members, it is the largest scientific society in the world, and more than 1,300 of these journeyed from all parts of the United States and Canada to listen to the inspiring story of the achievements of American chemists in winning the war.

One of the events of the week that was much appreciated by those who were present was the dinner given by the president and faculty of Canisius College to the president and councillors of the American Chemical Society. The dinner took place at the college on Main street at 6 o'clock of the evening of April 9th. Over ninety members of the council were present, besides the members of the Canisius faculty and the chemical staff of the two Jesuit colleges in New England, Holy Cross College, Worcester and Boston College.

To give a list of the eminent chemists at the dinner would be to give a roster of the leaders in chemical research in the United States. The names of Nichols, Bigelow, Parsons, Millebrand, Longmuir, Howe, Baskerville, Jennings, Jones, Comey, Miner, Parr, Desick, Watkins, Tidbury, Wallace, to mention only a few, are household names in the great family of American chemistry. There were one or more representatives present from the universities of Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Chicago, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Pittsburgh, Ohio State, Virginia, Leland Stanford, as well as from the college of the City of New York, Union College, Iowa State College, the Brooklyn Institute of Technology, Worcester Polytechnic Institution and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and also

consulting chemists from nearly all the great chemical manufacturers of the United States. Both before and after the dinner the guests, under the guidance of the senior class of the college and the instructing staff of the department of chemistry, inspected the laboratories and lecture rooms of the college, and were unfeignedly and pleasantly surprised at the completeness and wealth of the equipment. As one of the visitors expressed it, "The equipment of Canisius would do credit to any college and surpasses that of many universities that I know."

The guest of honor at the dinner was Dr. John A. Miller, "the dean of Buffalo chemists," who received his first instruction in chemistry at Canisius. In a short address of welcome, the president of the college, Father Ahearn, announced the establishment of two fellowships in chemistry at Canisius, one of which he proposed to call the John A. Miller Fellowship in Chemistry and the second the Victory Fellowship, to commemorate the visit of the "Victory" council of the American Chemical Society to Canisius College. The president of the American Chemical Society, Dr. William H. Nichols, replied, thanking the faculty and college on behalf of the council and the society for their thoughtfulness and hospitality.

Father Ahearn was one of the principal speakers at the closing dinner of the chemical convention at the Hotel Statler on the evening of April 10th.

ALASKA. *A letter of Rev. Father Ruppert to Very Rev. Father F. C. Dillon, Provincial of California.*

NOME, ALASKA, February 24, 1919.

VERY REV. FATHER PROVINCIAL, P. C.:—

At last the mail quarantine is lifted, and once more we can send out and receive mail. When the *Victoria* left, the last ship to sail, quiet times threatened to settle down upon Nome. But it was not many days before evidence of what was suspected as Spanish Influenza became unmistakably clear. The *Victoria* had not yet raised anchor when the only civilian doctor left in Nome was down already with double pneumonia. This left us a population of close on to a thousand including the natives, with only one military doctor, who was stationed at Fort Davis, three miles from the town. In three or four days so many cases of Influenza were reported, that the doctor declared to me he was unable to cope with the situation as the place was fast becoming a pest house, unless the hospital were opened with such a staff of nurses as good will and generosity could bring together. (This is the hospital of the Sisters of Providence, which owing to the decline in the population of Nome, they lately locked up when their whole community

returned to Seattle.) The doctor also showed me a wireless from the Governor authorizing this to be done as far as the necessary expense went. The Mayor called a meeting of the town council to which he invited me, and it was decided to open the hospital and get such nurses as might volunteer. This happened on the last day of October. A cold spell had set in so that the hospital was not ready for patients before November 2. They asked me to be superintendent, which meant to keep a chair warm in the office and dispense a few words of cheer to the sick. But I felt I had some noble traditions of the Society in the service of the plague stricken to uphold, and with God's help tried to do my bit. The hospital is a large one and was soon filled to its capacity for what nurses were available. The staff, the first month, was an uncertain one. All were without training or experience, and one hardly ever knew who could be counted on from day to day. However, the Lord always provided so that at all times we were at least able to get along. This arrangement threw very much of the work on me, and there was always plenty of all kinds of work for me to do. Needless to say, practically all the eighty white patients treated in the hospital as well as the majority of the nurses were non-Catholics, and this got the "checacco" (newcomer) priest acquainted all over town and served to correct a good many notions they previously entertained concerning priests.

A kind Providence ordained that just as the first cases among the natives were detected, Father Lafortune unexpectedly came to town. I had given the last sacraments to a sick Eskimo and found three other Influenza patients in the cabin. On my way home, I was wondering what was going to happen to the natives, and how I could cope with the situation, when on arriving, there was Father Lafortune just in from the Springs, a practically three days journey away from Nome. He lost no time visiting our people, and found them sick everywhere. Day by day things got worse. The epidemic caught them unprovided for the most part. The weather was near zero, many of them had no provision of fuel for more than two or three days, and some were even without food; and all of them were too sick to procure any. To make matters worse, the whites were themselves either sick or half-scared to death. It was estimated that about fifty per cent. of the white population was down with the "Flu" before the middle of November. We had only one medical man at the post and some seventy out of the eighty soldiers were down; so he could not be available at all times. Under these conditions it was not

surprising if the poor Eskimos were overlooked. Father Lafortune was indefatigable in working for them. He was able to prepare nearly all for death. He was seen constantly hurrying to and fro and from one end of town to the other on his dog team. His example spurred the others into action. Soon many hands were stretched forth for relieving the deplorable conditions, but the awful plague had wrought frightful ravages. Most had died or were dying, some had frozen to death; for the most part only children were left. What remained was only the wreckage. Of the Nome natives, a population of less than three hundred, about fifty children remain and fifty adults. The Catholic natives all died like Christians. Of the Methodists, several committed suicide, three hanging themselves in the Methodist gymnasium conducted by their Mission.

The plague broke out at Mary's igloo and the Springs towards the middle of November. By this time it had nearly spent its ravages about Nome. So Father Lafortune was sufficiently foot-loose to leave for a new scene of havoc. Here conditions were about the same as in Nome, except that the two or three whites were perfectly helpless. People were starving and freezing, and the helpless Lutheran Minister and the school teacher barricaded themselves in the citadels. It was practically only when Father Lafortune came, that they were goaded into bestirring themselves. The Catholics lost most heavily here. Nearly fifty per cent. were swept away. In other parts of Seward Peninsula the epidemic worked even greater desolation than at Nome or the Igloo. A rigid quarantine prevented ingress or egress on the part of anybody and extending even to the United States Mails has saved many places from this dire scourge. The Lord's hand came down heavily on the poor Eskimos. The children have been handed over by the Government to such institutions as were ready to receive them. The Methodists here fitted up their gymnasium as an asylum, and offered to take care of the orphans at ten dollars per head monthly. Our Catholic children, about twenty-five in number, are here also. I may visit them at any time, and we are at liberty to take them away whenever we are prepared for it. If only Hot Springs were ready! But without house, and without Sisters, what can we do?

After two months and a half of work, I had become worn out. The doctor told Father Lafortune to take me away for a few weeks rest. So when the hospital closed January 19, I went away with Father Lafortune and remained at the Springs about three weeks. I am feeling well again,

thank God. Father Lafortune is in the best of health. Both were spared from the "Flu."

Commendo me SS. SS. Rae. Vae.

Infimus in Christo servus

F. A. RUPPERT, S.J.

CALIFORNIA PROVINCE. *Seattle College Purchase of Adelphia College.*—Seattle College has just purchased the Adelphia College holdings in northern Seattle for $65,000.00 at a foreclosure sale. The Adelphia was a Swedish College and its property consisted of six acres and two large modern buildings situated in one of the best residence sections of the city on the main boulevard. Our Fathers were "tipped" off about the sale by a generous parishioner who also contributed $5,000 of the purchase price. The grounds are appraised at from $75,000 to $100,000 and the buildings at about $120,000 so the purchase is considered an excellent one. It is estimated that about $5,000 will have to be expended in adapting the place to our needs.

ENGLAND. *Father Francis Devas Decorated.*—A well-known chaplain, Father Francis Devas, S.J., was invested by King George at Buckingham Palace with the insignia of the distinguished Service Order for gallantry on the field. Father Devas was one of the very first Catholic chaplains commissioned at the beginning of the war, being among the twelve Jesuit Fathers supplied by the English province in August, 1914. His first duty was at Shorncliffe, and in 1915 he went out with the Dardanelles Expeditionary Forces. After exciting work in the trenches and at the front, he fell a victim to dysentery, but after several weeks on a transport at Alexandria he returned to duty with the troops. Since the withdrawal from the Dardanelles Father Devas has served, until a short time ago, with the troops in France. His military rank is that of lieutenant-colonel.

There appears to be no limit to the patriotic services rendered by the Jesuit Fathers, and this patriotism has been well communicated to those who have been educated under the charge of the Fathers. The war lists of two of the principal Jesuit colleges, Beaumont and Stonyhurst, have just been published, and they will compare very favorably with any such list published by any institution whatever in the world. Beaumont gave in all 631 men to the service, of whom 49 served in the Navy and 582 in the Army. Those killed number 116, the wounded 125 and the missing 4. Six have been taken prisoner, 121 have received British war honors and 47 war honors from Allied Governments. The record of Stonyhurst is higher still. This college gave of its students and alumni 972 to the war. Of this number 145 were killed in action, 14 died from other causes, 211

were wounded and 3 are missing. The war honors awarded to Stonyhurst men run into a considerable number. Three have obtained the Victoria Cross, the highest military honor possible; 27 have been decorated with the Distinguished Service Order, and 74 with the Military Cross, whilst every other possible honor has been conferred on the men from this college. The Irish and the English provinces of the Society of Jesus stand with the highest possible averages of war honors and services to their credit, and they have covered themselves with glory.

College War Lists: Beaumont.—This list is from the *Beaumont Review:*

Total serving	631	Prisoners	6
Navy	49	British Honors	121
Army	582	Allied Honors	47
Killed	116	Mention in Dispatches	130
Wounded	125	Mentions	209
Missing	4		

Stonyhurst.

Serving in the Forces	973	D. F. C.	2
Killed	145	A. F. C.	2
Died	14	M. C.	74
Missing	4	Bar to M. C.	7
Wounded	211	Second Bar to M. C.	1
Prisoners	22	Brevet Rank	9
Total honors	195	D. C. M.	1
V. C.	3	M. M.	2
K. C. B.	1	Mentions in Dispatches	181
C. B.	3	French Honors	24
C. M. G.	8	Belgian	3
C. B. E.	2	Russian	8
O. B. E.	5	Serbian	5
D. S. O.	27	Italian	4
Bar to D. S. O.	1	Egyptian	1
D. S. C.	1	Greek	1

—*Stonyhurst Magazine.*

The Catholic News Service announces the inauguration of an elaborate memorial by the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst in England to commemorate its past and present students who have served in the great war. It is to take the form of the foundation of an annual Requiem Mass, the setting up at the college of some commemorative design, the establishment of facilities at the college for sons or dependents of past students who have fallen in the war, and finally the erection and equipment of science laboratories. A fund of $100,000 is to be raised for this purpose.—*Exchange.*

Death of Father T. Carey, S.J.—Another Catholic Chaplain's name has to be added to the role of honor although the war is at an end. Father Timothy Carey, S.J., has died in his thirty-ninth year at Andrieuc, in France, where he has labored for two-and-a-half years with the men. His funeral was a spontaneous tribute from his brother officers, brother chaplains, and those whom he had spiritually assisted. The Colonel and five other officers of the garrison themselves carried the body to the grave. Twelve military Chaplains were presented at the Requiem Mass and the Parish Church was too small to hold the great concourse of soldiers who were present.

FRANCE. *The French Jesuits in the War.*—"Will the splendid patriotism of these exile priests who returned freely to serve and die for the country whose Government has outlawed them, have any weight towards winning the rights of citizenship again when peace is declared?" is the question asked by Father Woodlock, S.J., C.F., in the *London Tablet,* to which he communicates the following interesting statistics:

French Jesuits engaged in the war up to armistice day: 841 were mobilized. Of these, 98 were officers, 2 commanders, one lieutenant-commander, 11 captains, 4 naval lieutenants, 24 lieutenants, 50 second lieutenants, 1 naval ensign, 5 officers in the service of the sick and wounded; 39 received the Legion of Honor, 26 received the Military Medal, 303 received the Croix de Guerre, 4 received the Médaille des Epidémies, 3 received the Medal of Morocco or Tunis, 3 gained English decorations, 11 gained other foreign decorations, 519 were mentioned in the Order of the Day, 154 were killed. These include 23 chaplains, 29 officers, 36 sous-officers, 16 corporals, 50 privates.

Letter from Father Stinson, Chaplain, U. S. A.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD CORPS ARTILLERY PARK, A. E. F.
SIVRY-LA-PERCHE (MEUSE), FRANCE,
March 30, 1919.

On January 28th, I met Father Morning in Bordeaux, and in the course of our conversation he asked me whether the Woodstock news was coming to me regularly. "Regularly," I said, "well it isn't coming at all." He then agreed to relay his batch to me. It was about a month later that the mail brought me about twelve envelopes from Woodstock. Then I saw the explanation of the delay. They were all addressed to me as Chaplain of the 52nd Pioneer Infantry, or the "52nd Pioneer Infant Regiment" as one letter put it. Though I was assigned to this regiment I never actually joined it. When I got to Camp Wadsworth last summer, I found that the 52nd had already gone,

and new orders were awaiting me assigning me to the Third Corps Artillery Park, with which organization I have been ever since.

We arrived in France September 18, 1918, and from that day to this our experiences have been those of most of the Artillery Corps Parks. We have had it brought home to us that we have no "abiding city." It would take entirely too long, and I doubt if it would interest you, to tell the story of our experiences. For the past couple of months we have been stationed at the little town called Sivry-la-Perche, about six miles west of Verdun. The town is famous for daily rains, huge rats and thirteen different kinds of lonesomeness. I don't think a lonesome status will have any terrors for me in the future. Our original organization is pretty well broken up. When we came over we were composed of Headquarters, Park Battery, and six companies. Now these six companies have been taken from us, and we and the Park Battery are left here at Sivry to dream of the glories of the past. What is to become of us? Well the answer depends on whether you are an optimist or a pessimist. If the former, we are in line for going home. If the latter, we are to be assigned for work with the last organization leaving France. Personally I don't think that we shall remain much longer at Sivry, and mighty glad we are to get away from it. The life here hasn't afforded much material for letter writing. It has given us, however, an opportunity of seeing as much as we pleased of Verdun, with its wonderful underground fortress capable of accommodating thirty thousand men, and of seeing besides some of the fields where the bitterest of fighting took place. Fort Daumont, for example, about eight miles from here, burns an unforgetable picture into the imagination of the visitor.

I have never, since I have been in the Society, had so much time that I could call my own, and I surely never will again. I have had the privilege of going to Domremy (Joan of Arc's birth place) twice, and a visit to the Shrine at Lourdes, and the visit at Lourdes is simply unforgetable. I have finished a lecture on Joan of Arc, and am now working on one of Lourdes. When these are finished I have two or three others in mind. For the Joan of Arc and Lourdes talks I secured two sets of very beautiful slides.

Devotedly yours in Christ,
WILLIAM M. STINSON, S.J.
Chaplain Third Corps Artillery Park
A. P. O. 914, A. E. F. France.

GERMANY. *A circular letter of Rev. Father Provincial of the German Province addressed to the different houses of the same, on the occasion of the abolition of the anti-Jesuit law in Germany.*

Aachen, 1st of May, 1917.

REV. FATHER AND DEAR BROTHER:

That which has been the desire of our Province, which constituted the object of our fervent prayers to heaven during 44 years, and which we hardly dared to hope for on account of so many disappointments already undergone, has become a reality today. The anti-Jesuit law has been abrogated. We are not in exile any longer, we are not proscribed any more, and as children of St. Ignatius, we can work for the Greater Glory of God on our own soil. We have then just motives to heartily rejoice. But above all we must be grateful.

We must, for our return from the exile, be grateful to God, who has so disposed everything that amid the horrible war we should be called back to our country to employ ourselves in the peaceful labor of the Gospel, and in a year in which it seemed impossible according to human prudence.

We must be grateful to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to His Blessed Mother, the Holy Virgin, to our patron, Blessed Canisius, and to all our advocates in heaven, to whom we have so many times presented our petitions.

We must be grateful to the worthy Episcopate of Germany, because of its decided intervention in our favor, as well as for the collective memorial recently addressed to the highest authorities of the State, thus facilitating our return.

We must show the same gratitude to our faithful indefatigable friends constituted in high places of dignity, and to those who, being representatives of the people and the press, have been incessantly working in removing the obstacles and difficulties in our way. We owe sincere gratitude to the German Catholic people, who refused to forget us, and who have so many times demanded our return in Congress.

Again, we must have a grateful remembrance of all our most beloved brethren in religion, who have prayed for our common welfare, and of those in particular who, to obtain it, have offered heroic sacrifices in the difficult fulfilment of their duty, or in voluntary sacrifices of charity toward their neighbor, or in the hospitals, or on the battle field not a bit afraid of even death itself. I am sure that they have brought down upon us the blessings of heaven, and have efficaciously made the permanence of the numerous

anti-Jesuitical law appear odious and unreasonable everywhere, and in every sphere of life.

But we must also be grateful to God for our exile. It was, indeed, a cross, the weight of which was oppressive, especially in the beginning; but which, thanks to God, we bore with edifying resignation. For this reason He poured his blessing upon us.

Many were enrolled to take up with enthusiasm the cross of Christ upon their shoulders. In this way, during the exile, the number of members of our Province was almost doubled.

In 1873 there were 789—351 priests, 239 scholastics and 199 brothers. But today the number has increased to 1,207; in all 641 priests, 239 scholastics and 327 brothers, without including the 311 men destined for the North American Mission, who were separated from our Province. They were 116 priests, 98 scholastics and 97 brothers.

Besides the house of Exaten which has been several times enlarged and which now contains the tertianship, the Province has built during the exile, two big novitiates and two houses for retreats. They are actually deserted on account of the war, although, as we hope, only for a short time. It built also the Collegium Maximum of Valkenberg, where the community totals are 317, undoubtedly the largest house of the Society. Studies and works, scientific as well as literary, have been very remarkably developed. The catalogue of 1872 mentions 16 writers only; but that of 1917 shows us the number to be 102.

Large collections and numerous particlar works of valuable merit have been completed during the exile. Several flourishing publications have been added to the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach.*

Together with the College of Feldkirch, *Stella Matutina,* the colleges of Sittard, Denmark, Brazil and India were dedicated, and indeed, with very satisfactory success, to the important work of the education of the youth in accordance with our Institute.

Pure apostolic works were, as far as possible, cultivated too. There is a proof of this in the numerous retreats, which succeeded in bringing to our houses many priests and thousands of students from colleges and universities; in the many missions and retreats given to the people and auxiliary works; in the retreats to the workmen and recruits, [1] which for these twenty years have become so

[1] Some days before going to the army the recruits are gathered together to practice the holy retreat. It is of excellent results; for the good can know each other, and united together may easily defend themselves from the many dangers in the soldier's life.

wonderfully flourishing; in the Sodalities of our Lady, started in many instances through the zeal of our Fathers, and in which more than 500 have been enrolled in the last five years. In confirmation of this, above all, are the missions in foreign countries.

If in the year 1872 the Mission in India numbered 65 members, and that of Brazil 25; the former had last year 141, and the latter 190. To which we must still add 18 men, resident in various provinces of South America, the 3 in Japan and 16 in Zambeze. Therefore compare the 90 of the year 1872 with the 268 of today.

Aware as we all are of many faults and weaknesses, we can nevertheless render the most sincere thanks to God, not only for the blessings our cross brought us, but also for the special blessing that all these works were undertaken with apostolic zeal, the true expression of the genuine religious spirit that animated our Province.

First of all we want to manifest with good works our due gratitude for our exile and our return to our country. We can not be what our friends expect us to be, and what our adversaries fear, but we can really endeavor to be true Jesuits, as God and the Church wish us to be. That, my dear brethren in Christ, we wish to be. True to the spirit of our vocation we want to live a supernatural life, to work earnestly for our own perfection and to take part without self-interest in saving souls only out of pure love to our divine Saviour. So with unwearied zeal, with the application of all our energies, but at the same time with love and humility, we shall place ourselves at the side of those who wish to serve, as we do, our divine Saviour and his Holy Church.

To show our gratitude to God, to beseech Him to abundantly reward all those who have helped us, and in order that He may aid us in expressing our affections of gratitude through our works, as we desire, all the Fathers will offer three Masses, and those who are not priests will say three rosaries and offer three communions. For the persons who have intervened in a special manner in abolishing the law, the superiors have reserved extraordinary tokens of gratitude.

Although, on account of the grievous circumstances, it behooves us to abstain from any public manifestations, it is, nevertheless, allowed us to give expression to our joy within the circle of the family. Accordingly, the Superiors of the different houses shall grant one day of vacation, in which a high or conventual Mass should be said, and if

possible, with the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. In the evening benediction will take place with a *Te Deum*.

As for the table, let it be as on the day of St. Ignatius. In regard to our comportment in Germany, it must be as it is prescribed in the old customs till further orders. Henceforth, the customs will hold which I, not long ago, reminded all of, in a circular letter addressed to several residences. The Fathers and Scholastics will dress as the secular priests do; the coadjutors, who may reside in Germany, will wear at present, but only at home, the religious habit in use in our Province. Beginning, then, a new era in the life of our Province, we consecrate anew to the Sacred Heart of Jesus our persons, our works and our whole Province. Accordingly, in the aforesaid religious ceremonies, an appropriate formula shall be recited.

To the Sacrifices of the Fathers and to the prayers of the brothers I commend not only myself but sundry and important business.

The Servant of all in Christ,

Louis Kösters, S.J., *Provincial.*

Letter of Rev. Father L. Kösters, Provincial of Germany. —Under date of December 8, 1918, Rev. Father L. Kösters, German Provincial, sent out the following letter to the superiors of all the houses under his jurisdiction:

"Now that the war is at an end, I beg Your Reverence to extend a hearty welcome to those of Ours who are returning from the front and from the hospitals. Released from infinite toil and saved from countless dangers of both body and soul, they hasten back to their communities. Let us unite our efforts to comfort them bodily and spiritually, that they may rejoice and once more feel at home among their brethren.

"Twenty-nine of those who were called out in the course of the war, will return no more: 1 Father, 7 Scholastics, 3 Novices, 18 Brothers. The number is small compared with the sacrifices of other provinces, but painfully large when measured by our love and the future tasks of our province. We shall remember them and we hope that they will continue to cooperate with us at the throne of God, that they will offer up for us their death, encountered in the discharge of duty and charity. We expect this cooperation all the more now, when it is our endeavor to heal the wounds which the war has inflicted on so many souls.

"Not only those who gave their lives for their country, but all 400 German Jesuits engaged in military service were—yes, we are glad to record it—a source of legitimate pride and consolation to our Mother, the Society. There is probably none who has lost his vocation on account of the war; on the

contrary, they all showed themselves true Apostles, each in his own sphere. They were models among their comrades and there is no scandal for which we should have to blush. They were conscientious in the fulfillment of their duty, as is proved by the repeated praises of their military superiors, by the scars they bring back from the field, by the decorations awarded to them. They remained sincerely attached to the Society and to the practices of religious life, as is shown by their regular reports concerning their spiritual exercises, by their visits to the houses of the Society as far as was possible, by their glad and speedy return at the end of the war. Some are indeed still prevented from rejoining their brothers, but they bear the heavy burden of imprisonment with patience and edification. Though living amid the din and dust of the world, yet all whom the war tore from our midst, remained faithful to the principles of the religious life. Thus God has amply heard the prayers which we have not ceased to offer from the beginning of the war. To Him be praise and thanksgiving.

"Thanks are due to all of Ours who contributed to the attainment of this end: to the superiors of the residences and novitiates, to those in charge of the hospital corps, to the central office at Aachen, to the editors and collaborators of our various publications, finally to all who in any manner came to the relief of our brothers while away from their home. To all of them we say: May God reward you for it.

"We also extend our thanks to those of Ours who, though hampered by many obstacles and the lessened number of helpers, though beset by numerous difficulties at home and on their missionary journeys and saddened by the loss of near relatives, yet faithfully attended to their duties, doing their best to overcome all obstacles. We thank especially those who, being exiled from fields of successful labor, bore their hard fate with Christian fortitude and were at once ready to undertake new duties.

"Dark clouds are hanging over our fatherland and over the road mapped out for our province. But we trust in God whose almost visible protection has never failed us, who will not forget our sacrifices and labors, who after 45 years of exile led us back during the very turmoil of war. All our cares and hopes are confidently placed in the Sacred Heart of Our Lord to whom we consecrated ourselves without reserve on our return to the fatherland.

"Our duty then is clear: thanksgiving and supplication; both go hand in hand. Very Rev. Fr. General, with the heart of a father, offered up a large number of Masses for the present needs of our province. We shall not be less generous. Let each priest offer up one Mass, and the non-priests

one Holy Communion and one rosary, and let all continue to remember the same intentions in their prayers. Besides, let a solemn requiem mass be said in the larger houses, for Ours and relatives of Ours who died in the war. The prayers and devotions which were prescribed at the beginning of the war, are to be discontinued; however, in each house the oratio pro itinerantibus should be added to the litanies until all its members, including the prisoners of war, have returned.

"And now, my dear brethren, let us look courageously into the future. May the world be shaped as it will. Shutting out from our view whatever is foreign to our institute, we consecrate ourselves to Jesus Christ and His Church and devote ourselves to the sacred duties of our religious and apostolic calling. We know that to those who love God, all things work together unto good."

India. *St. Xavier's College.*—The influenza epidemic has worked havoc on the College year with us, as it has done elsewhere. The first term had to be shortened by about a fortnight; in consequence, the usual examinations at the end of the term were cancelled, so that the students living out of Bombay might return to their homes in peace. We have much to be thankful for in the fact that though the disease stalked through the College hotel, and though many were struck down in their homes, still the death record among the students can scarcely be said to have been above the normal. We are glad also to be able to record that many students gave their services to help the sick during their vacation; we regret only that we were not able to organize any systematic crusade of help of our own.

Mangalore. *St. Aloysius' College.—Strength and Attendance.*—The total number of students on the rolls at the close of the academic year (1917-18) was 1458, showing an increase of 55 over the corresponding figure of twelve months ago. This total was made up of 234 in the College Department, 274 in the High School, 430 in the Lower Secondary, and 520 in the Primary Department. The average daily attendance was 1,392.3 against 1,338.7 of the previous year.

Public Examinations.—We presented 61 candidates for the S. S. L. C. Examination, of whom 17 were declared eligible for admission to the University courses of study. The averages obtained by our students were above the Presidency averages in nearly all the subjects.

For the Intermediate Examination in Arts we sent up 61 candidates, of whom 22 passed, 6 being in the first class. There were, besides, 3 successful in Part I only, and 20 in

Part II only. Twelve distinctions were obtained—4 in Mathematics, 2 in Physics, 1 in Modern History, 4 in Logic, and 1 in First Language.

In the B. A. (Pass) Degree Examination, out of 31 that were examined, 10 qualified for the Degree. The total number of passes in Part I (English Language and Literature) were 17 out of 31, and in Part II, 12 out of 29; in group I (Mathematics), 6 out of 11; and in group VI (History and Economics), 6 out of 18.

IRELAND. *Ours and the St. Vincent de Paul Society.*—The St. Vincent de Paul Society in Dublin under the able guidance of our Fathers, has made itself, both temporally and spiritually, a power in the land. In the domain of temporal work, it assisted the Local Government Board, during the past year, in the framing of a large housing scheme for the poorer classes. A number of Penny Banks are conducted by the Society, and they are all flourishing. An Orphanage and a Seamen's Institute also share its patronage. In the domain of spiritual work, the most notable endeavour of the Society has been to spread that great devotion: "The consecration of families to the Sacred Heart." Last, but not least, a special section of the Society, styled the Juvenile Conference, is entrusted with all problems relating to child welfare.

War Honors for Ours.—The Jesuit Fathers of the Irish Province have supplied twenty-eight military chaplains to the Irish regiments. Of this number five have been killed in the execution of their duties or died of sickness contracted whilst on military service.

The Military Cross has been awarded to Father M. T. Ingram, S.J., and the following members of the Society have been mentioned in despatches for devotion to duty: Fathers G. F. Corr, H. C. McGibity (deceased), P. O.Mara, B. F. Page and J. E. Parsons.

JAPAN. *Standing of Catholic University of Japan Threatened.*—An Imperial Decree has recently been made public by the Mombusho or Department of Education to the effect that, all private universities must have on deposit in some bank in Japan a fund of at least one million yen, $500,000. Institutions failing to comply with this condition will be deprived of the title of Daigaku or University and incapacitated to give degrees, as such, and to enjoy other university privileges and prestige. The only private universities mentioned in educational circles as worthy of surviving under these new regulations are Waseda University, founded by the former Premier Count Okuma, Keio University, founded by the late materialist philosopher Fuku-

zawa, Meij University, a noted Law School, and Jochi University, the Catholic University of Japan. The Catholic Japanese are deeply interested in the outcome of this affair as the prestige of their native clergy is largely dependent on the ability of young candidates for the priesthood to secure higher secular education under Catholic auspices. The failure of Jochi Daigaku to secure the required foundation will mean that the Japanese Church will no longer be represented in higher education and that the now flourishing enterprise undertaken ten years ago at the initiative of an American Cardinal will go to the wall. To avert such a misfortune the prayers of *The Messenger* readers are earnestly asked.

The Young Men's Catholic Association of Tokyo is well organized. Regular meetings are held, at which addresses on topics of current interest are delivered by competent authorities. At a recent meeting, the noted Sociologist, Father Victor Gettelman, S.J., now Professor of Philosophy in Jochi Daigaku addressed the young men in their own language on a question of fundamental apologetics. At the same meeting it was announced that a benefactor had made the Association a present of five hundred yen which the members voted to reserve as a "nest egg" in the hope of later on erecting a suitable hall for their meetings and reunions. The Protestant Y. M. C. A. has three large well equipped buildings in Tokyo.—*Letter from Father Mark J. McNeal, S.J.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

Missouri Province. Cincinnati.—*New Law School at St. Xavier's*—For some time there has been a question of a Law Department at St. Xavier's College. The matter has at last been definitely settled: The law school will begin operations about the middle of September. The following excerpt from a letter sent to the clergy tells of the why and wherefore of the new project.

St. Xavier College, School of Law,
Cincinnati, Ohio, May 15, 1919.

Rev. and dear Father:

We wish to announce that in September, 1919, St. Xavier College will open a school of law. It was at the suggestion of and on the advice of prominent alumni, mostly of the legal profession, that the trustees decided to offer this new course. In the Fall of 1911 a department of Commerce and Economics of college grade was added to the courses given at St. Xavier. In 1914, summer courses were offered to the teaching communities of the city and vicinity. Recognizing the need of trained social workers the College authorities in August, 1918, announced a Department of Sociology. All of the above courses have met with a ready

response, and about three hundred students have registered during the year just closing. We feel that the new law school will meet with equal success.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WIS. *Meeting of College Authorities at Campion.*—The Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the twelve Colleges and Universities of the Missouri Province convened in formal session at Campion College on April 14 and 15 to discuss and adopt measures relative to certain changes in educational matters. One of the prime objects in view was to awaken a greater interest in Collegiate studies and a wider appreciation for the college course as such. Many practical measures were decided upon and all expressed themselves as well satisfied with the outcome of the meeting.

Villa for Teachers.—Owing to the delightful location of Campion College, situated as it is, near the confluence of the Mississippi and Wisconsin Rivers, it has been thought a more suitable place for the teaching Scholastics' vacation and summer school than the former villa at Waupaca, Wis. Accordingly about one hundred and ten teachers are at present accommodated at Marquette Hall.

ST. LOUIS, MO. *New Provincial.*—By an appointment Very Rev. Father General, Rev. F. X. McMenemy, S.J., former president of Creighton University, Omaha, was installed Provincial of the Missouri Province on March 25, 1919. Rev. A. J. Burrows, the ex-Provincial, is at present acting as rector at Creighton.

Spring Disputations.—The spring disputations were held at the scholasticate on the 28th and 29th of April. In Theology: *De Novissimis,* Def. F. Corey, Arg. F. McCarthy and F. de Monsabert. *De SS. Trinitate,* Def. F. Gruenthaner, Arg. F. Grueter and F. Ellis. *De Ecclesia,* Def. F. O'Regan, Arg.: F. Cody and F. Conway. In Philolosophy: *Ex Ethica,* Def. F. Lilly, Arg. F. Maher and F. Sullivan. *Ex Psychologia,* Def. F. McGalloway, Arg. F. Houser and F. Barton. *Ex Ontologia,* Def. F. Smith, Arg. F. Jacobi and F. Bachner. Chemistry Lecture, Mr. Unferfate.

University Commencement.—St. Louis University held its one hundredth commencement at the Odeon Theatre, Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, June 5th. Two hundred and twelve candidates were presented for degrees. The degree of Bachelor of Science was conferred upon twenty-eight. Twenty received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Eighteen were made Master of Arts, and one, the Rev. James Kleist, S.J., was made Doctor of Philosophy. In the post-graduate schools sixty-five received the degree of

Doctor of Dental Surgery; twenty-five, Bachelor of Laws, and forty-seven, Doctor of Medicine. The graduates represented twenty-one states and five countries. General Leonard Wood was the commencement speaker, taking for his subject, "Some Problems of Reconstruction." In spite of war conditions and the necessary stress laid on military subjects, during the days of the Students' Army Training Corps, the scholastic year of nineteen eighteen and nineteen was one of unusual success. About two thousand five hundred of the University students and faculty served with the colors.

Medical School.—The journal of the American Medical Association, published annually in May or thereabouts, tabulated results of all the state board examinations of the previous year. No names of men are given, but each examinee is attributed to his school. It was observed this May that the only school in the United States which had as many as fifty-five men examined without a single failure was the St. Louis University. This led one of the scholastics to examine whether this year was exceptional or not. Looking back as far as the year of nineteen ten inclusive and comparing St. Louis University with two universities that may well be compared with anything in the world without loss of prestige, he found that in this period Johns Hopkins University graduated four hundred and forty-four men and twelve of them failed in the state board examinations; Harvard University graduated four hundred and forty-two and thirteen failed; the St. Louis University graduated five hundred and forty-five, and nine failed. Similarly the National Association of Dental Examiners in their "Proceedings," published this year, make a summary themselves of the results of the examinations of the dental departments of the United States. It is there seen that but three dental schools of large classes in all the land had less than six per cent. of failures. The St. Louis University is one of the three.

Educational Convention.—The National Catholic Educational Association during the week of June 22nd, held its annual meeting in St. Louis. The Committee on Collegiate Studies made their headquarters at the Administration Building of the University.

Ordinations.—A class of about twenty scholastics received the Major Orders of Sub-Deacon, Deacon, and Priesthood on June 24, 25 and 26. The newly ordained priests said their first masses on The Feast of The Sacred Heart, June 27.

St. Mary's College, Kansas.—Golden Jubilee.—On June 1st, the College sent the following invitation to its Alumni

and well-wishers: "The St. Mary's College of St. Mary's, Kansas, commemorating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Granting of its Charter invites you to be present at the Golden Jubilee Exercises, June 14, 15, 16 and 17, 1919." As this was likewise the date set for the Triennial Alumni Meeting, hundreds of her loyal sons responded to the call of their Alma Mater and spent four grand days within her hospitable walls. In addition to the impressive religious and social functions held during the course of the Celebration, one special feature was the first step in the erection of a handsome Memorial Arch to the St. Mary's Soldiers. The monument, beautifully designed of white marble, forms a fitting entrance to the College grounds.

Laymen's Retreats for 1919.—Laymen's Retreats, which have become so popular during the past ten years, are announced again for the coming summer to take place as follows: 1st Retreat, July 12, 13, 14, for Knights of Columbus. 2nd Retreat, July 19, 20, 21. 3rd Retreat, August 2, 3, 4. 4th Retreat, August 16, 17, 18. Rev. A. J. Kuhlmn, S.J. will again be in general charge of the Retreats.

Chaplains of the Missouri Province.—Father Edward P. Anderson, Father William Bennett (India), Father Edward J. Bracken, Father William J. Corboy, Father Loui A. Falley, Father Ignatius A. Hamill, Father William T. Kane, Father Eugene C. Kieffer (India), Father John T. Mortell, Father Charles M. Ryan, Father Charles A. Schuetz, Father Archibald J. Tallmadge, Father Robert F. Tallmadge, Father Henry I. Westropp (India.)

New York. *Fordham University.—Special Summer Session of the School of Sociology.*—The Graduate School and School of Sociology and Social Service with headquarters at the Woolworth Building has announced a special session lasting six weeks, from June 25 to August 6. The courses of instruction include Education, Philosophy, English and French languages and literatures, classics, mathematics, history and sociology. These courses will afford teachers and others, opportunities of profiting by the facilities offered by the University and of obtaining under Catholic auspices credits for teachers' licenses and, for those possessing initial degrees, for higher academic advancement.

New Dean of the Law School.—Following close upon the resignation of Dean John Whalen came the announcement by Rev. Edward P. Tivnan, president of the University, that Mr. Francis P. Garvan, U. S. Alien Property Custodian, had been appointed to the office of Dean of the Law School. The following statement, taken from the Fordham Monthly, tells how gladly Fordham welcomes the new incumbent:

"Fordham feels especially fortunate in persuading Mr. Garvan to accept the post. The new dean is especially qualified from an active experience of years at the practice of law and in the administration of criminal law. Under William Travers Jerome, Mr. Garvan served as Assistant District Attorney, making a fine record in numerous cases of the first rank. Subsequently he retired to private practice. When the United States entered the war, Mr. Garvan was appointed head of the Bureau of Investigation under Alien Property Custodian A. Mitchell Palmer, now Attorney-General of the United States. In that capacity Mr. Garvan traced and took over for the Government hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property which alien enemies held in America, much of which had been concealed or disguised. Recently, when Mr. Palmer became a member of the Cabinet, Mr. Garvan succeeded him as custodian. Mr. Garvan is one of the youngest deans Fordham ever selected. He is in the early forties."

Father Duffy Celebration.—The numerous after-war celebrations, which for the past three months have made New York a centre of military and civic demonstrations, did not fail to link Fordham's name with those of other institutions whose doors opened to welcome the boys from overseas. On Saturday, May 10, despite most inclement weather, hundreds of grateful relatives and friends crowded the sidewalks of the Grand Concourse to witness the victorious homecoming of the Bronx boys of the old 69th and their hero-chaplain, Father Duffy. The evening saw about four hundred distinguished guests, all friends of the chaplain, assembled in the old Fordham gymnasium, which was tastily decorated and transformed into a banquet hall. The Bronx Welcome Committee was headed by the Hon. Francis Martin, District Attorney of the Bronx. Among the speakers of the evening were the Rev. Edward P Tivnan, S.J., Rector of Fordham, Colonel Donovan, Father Duffy, Rabbi Klein, and the Hon. Francis Martin.

Fordham and the Knights of Columbus.—The annual Spring Communions and Breakfasts of the various New York Knights of Columbus Councils have again strengthened the close bond existing between Fordham and the popular Catholic organization. At the last meeting, Sunday, May 25, the Unity Council of Fordham presented Rev. Father Rector with a day scholarship for the College. Mr. William J. McGinley, Supreme Secretary of the Knights and Mr. Condé B. Pallen were among the speakers.

Medical School.—It has just been announced that the Medical School will close in September unless an endowment fund is raised before that time.

The French-Swiss Journalists at Fordham University.—A recent issue of the French-Swiss newspaper, *La Gazette de Lausanne*, one of the most important official organs of French-speaking Protestantism, devotes the greater part of two columns of its first page to an account of the warm reception accorded the French-Swiss journalists at Fordham University. The occasion was the conferring of the doctorate upon two famous French prelates. The journalists, described by their spokesman as "impertinent heretics," are filled with enthusiasm for the glories of Fordham, the splendors of the occasion, the atmosphere of learning, the warmth of hospitality and the American way in which everything is done: *"Voilà qui est plus américain que tout ce nous avions vu jusqu' à ce jour."* In departing from Fordham the journalists, says the writer, approached the two French prelates who had been honored on this occasion, and assured them that the manifestation of tolerance, broadness of view and universal good-will of which they had been the witnesses would remain deeply impressed upon their hearts, and that they would make it their duty to convey the knowledge of this to their fellow-citizens at home, both Catholic and Protestant.—*Exchange.*

Messenger of Sacred Heart.—The subscription list of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is constantly growing. 350,000 copies, printed for February, were exhausted by the mail of February 15. This success is largely due to the kindness of its readers and subscribers who take a personal interest in the work and strive to make the magazine known to their friends and acquaintances.

St. Francis Xavier's College. Xavier Boys Again Honored.—On June 1, 1919, it was reported that General March, chief of staff, had announced the day before that Major-General James W. McAndrew, General Pershing's chief of staff, had been assigned to head the new general staff college, which is to absorb the army war college. General McAndrew is of the Class of '84 at Xavier.

In the spring of the present year, on the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen of the Belgians to the headquarters of the 1st Field Army, the king decorated Brig.-Gen. Hugh A. Drum, Class of 1897, Xavier High School, with the Belgian Order of the Crown, as a reward for his services in the cause of the Allies. A few days before, General Drum had received the Distinguished Service Medal. It is reported that he has been made a Commander of the Legion of Honor and Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy and that he is the youngest chief of staff of any allied field army. General Drum was Chief of Staff of the First Field Army. Prior to this, he was assistant Chief

of Staff on General Pershing's staff. Early in the war. he had received the Croix de Guerre. An account of General Drum's and General McAndrew's careers in the army was given in the last issue of the LETTERS

Military Mass.—On Saturday, February 15, there was celebrated at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th street, New York, the funeral mass for Father Francis Lederle, army chaplain, a former student at St. Francis Xavier's and Holy Cross College, and for over a year a novice at the Novitiate of St. Andrew-on-Hudson. Father Lederle was not destined to reach the day of his first vows. Ill health compelled him to leave the Novitiate and go to the mountains to seek a cure. Two or three years later, he went as far as Bogota, Colombia, South America, in the hope of again resuming his religious life. Again, he was disappointed. Finally, he was ordained a priest, and was made secretary to Bishop Shuler, S.J., of El Paso, Texas. His death was caused by influenza contracted while assisting those stricken with the dread disease. The funeral mass was military; a company of Marines from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, two companies of the Xavier High School Battalion and the Battalion band assisted, and later accompanied the body up Fifth avenue, on its way to the place of interment, Calvary Cemetery. The funeral mass was celebrated by Rev. Thomas Murphy, S.J., ex-rector of Holy Cross College. Rt. Rev. Monsignor Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Rev. Joseph P. Dineen, secretary to the then Bishop, now Archbishop Hayes, were present.

A second military mass was celebrated at St. Francis Xavier's at 11 A. M., on Sunday, May 25, for the repose of the souls of the sons of Xavier, who had given up their lives in the cause of our country in the recent war. Invitations had been issued to all of the alumni of the school, and friends, and special invitations directly from Father Thomas F. White, S.J., pastor of the Church and principal of the High School, to the relatives and friends of the deceased. As it was the high mass on Sunday, a splendid opportunity was given to attend. Many, who would have been glad to come, sent word that they would not do so, in order that there might be more room for the relatives and friends of the deceased. After mass the final absolution was pronounced. The mass was solemn high. Father Thomas F. White was celebrant, Father Francis R. Donovan, deacon and Father William Dolan, subdeacon. Father Ennis preached.

Military Activities.—The past school year has been one of exceptional activity for the battalion. Besides taking part in the two military masses already mentioned, and drilling twice a week, at the Ninth Regiment Armory, the battalion

paraded on Fifth avenue several times, had another military mass at the time of the Sodality Reception, held two public drills at the Ninth Regiment Armory, acted as a guard of honor to the Ninth Regiment, when that regiment had its review and parade on Fifth avenue. The crowning triumph of the year, however, was to defeat De Witt Clinton High School, Stuyvesant High School, De La Salle Institute, and three other schools in a competitive drill. When it is remembered that some of these schools, as the two public schools, De Witt Clinton and Stuyvesant, are very large, it will readily be seen that the triumph over these schools is a great boon. Xavier High School, not, of course, including the grammar school department, on the other side of the church, has 454 boys on its register for the year 1918-1919. Stuyvesant High School is said to have four or five times that number of boys, while De Witt Clinton has an attendance of several thousand boys. The high school battalion, and the Xavier Grammar School battalion, while separate organizations, and having different days in the week for drill, and with distinctive uniforms, are both under the direction of Lieut. Douglas Donald, U. S. A., Retired, who has been in charge of the battalion since 1910. He, like his predecessors, is detailed directly by the War Department, at Washington, D. C. Every year there is an inspection of the battalion by an officer sent from Washington. Lieutenant Donald's predecessors, in charge of the battalion were: Lieut. Paul F. Leonard, who took charge in the late eighties, Sergt.-Maj. Richard Müller, 1st U. S. Coast Artillery, Capt. John Drum, 10th U. S. Infantry, and, formerly, a captain of California Volunteers in the Civil War. Captain Drum the father of the present Brig.-Gen. Hugh A. Drum, A. E. F., gave up his charge to go to the front, in the war with Spain, and was killed in action before Santiago, July 1st, 1898. He was succeeded at Xavier by Capt. A. Slaker, of the 6th U. S. Artillery. Captain Slaker is now a colonel. This instructor was succeeded by Col. James W. Powell, U. S. A., and the latter, in 1903, by Maj. F. H. E. Ebstein, U. S. A. Major Ebstein's succesor is the present drill master.

Father Daniel Lynch, S.J., Decorated.—Father Daniel Lynch, S.J., who left here just a year ago to accept a commission for overseas duty as chaplain, has received from the French government the Croix de Guerre for heroic service during several successive hours under heavy fire. The following letter relates some of Father Lynch's experiences:

"Now that the censorship has relaxed a little, I shall give you a brief account of my wanderings over France.

"I left New York on May second, on the British India steamer Leistershire. The fleet of fifteen troopships were

all British, carrying about thirty thousand troops, with the San Diego (U. S. cruiser) as escort. After fifteen days at sea we sighted the north of Ireland and entered Liverpool by the north. One submarine attack on the way. From Liverpool we proceeded by train to London where we were informed that the channel was closed to traffic for a week. I rested the day after our arrival in London, visiting Westminster Abbey, etc., and intended to call at Mill Hill the following day. Orders came for me that night to proceed immediately to Southampton, where I would find a small fast steamer to take me to Havre. Of course it was rough, and to see the destroyers racing along on all sides of us made it a very interesting evening. From Havre I was ordered to Paris, where I ran into an air raid the first night. There was an air raid starting when I left London. After seeing the sights about Paris for a few days I started for Blois. From Blois I was shipped to Tours to join my negroes. As there was no Catholic chaplain in that city, I was called to headquarters, given the second Aviation Field to look after, besides St. Pierre Des Corps, the three Barracks and American Hospital. This job I held down till a K. C. chaplain arrived in about a month and took part of the work. It was not so hard, as I had lots of transportation either from Headquarters or Aviation Field. All I had to do was to call up either garage and I had a Cadillac at my door in ten minutes. You can imagine my disappointment when I was disturbed from this gentleman's mode of warfare by orders to join the 310th Infantry, then in the British Area, at once. Fifty pounds was all I was allowed to carry. There was some hustling for a day or so, getting my accounts straightened out, and then after leaving almost everything I had at Our Fathers' House in Tours, I started for Calais via Paris. When I landed in Paris one of those shells from that long distance gun dropped, not too far away from the station. It made quite a mess in those crowded streets, but as I was expecting to see lots of such excitement in a few days, I did not delay long. The shells were then dropping on Paris every twenty minutes. From Calais I went to Bologne to see another real big air raid, and finally found my regiment near St. Pol. From St. Pol the regiment moved up back of Arras, a rather quiet front, except for night air raids. Finally I got orders to prepare (we thought for Italy). After two days and two nights in freight cars we landed near the Swiss border. After a week's rest the troops moved up back of the St. Mihiel Sector and were stationed behind the Marines near Limey. Of course it rained all the time. The roads were in a frightful condition. All one could see from the light of the cannons was wrecked transports, dead horses

and men falling from exhaustion. We had all kinds of surprises, wondering whether bridges were going to blow up before, or after, or while we were crossing them. We had not really got into action. The whole sky in front of us was just ablaze with rockets and flares and all kinds of light. We didn't know then where that was, but we knew things would be more plain in a few hours, as we were going right through that line. The Marines kept ahead of us till we reached Thiaucourt, where we relieved them under the big guns of Metz. A few kilos beyond Thiaucourt the Germans made a stand. We lost about eight hundred men. Here I buried about one hundred and thirty of our boys in sight of the German lines and under continuous shell fire. I am about to write to the good mother of one. She knew from his letters home he was very close to me, serving my Mass every morning when possible. I taught him at St. Peter's (Jersey City) and buried him under terrific shell fire. After three and one half weeks of such excitement the regiment was pulled back for a rest, being relieved by the 256th Regiment. The day before we retired I said Mass in the woods because it was pouring rain, and the German aeroplanes could not see us. The Germans shelled us so madly when they saw us retiring that it was impossible to get my chaplain's kit, and maybe it is there yet or somewhere in Germany.

"I had taken advantage of a very cloudy day,—in fact it was raining,—to say Mass for one of our battalions and two detachments of machine gunners, in the woods north of Thiaucourt. On account of numerous German planes, which were quick to signal for heavy shelling on any spot when they observed men gathered together, we were not able to say Mass, except in crowded dug-outs, for over two weeks.

"After Mass and Communion for over two hundred, I hurried up the line to bring Communion to the men on duty. When I returned the next day, our men had been shelled out of the woods and left my chaplain's kit behind. I inquired everywhere of our men and of the other division who occupied the woods some days later, but no trace of the kit could be found. I was called to the woods at about twelve o'clock the night of the shelling to attend to the dead and wounded, but in the confusion forgot to look up my kit. We moved that week to the Argonne, and I have never heard anything of my chaplain's outfit since. Division Headquarters then secured another kit for me from the Knights of Columbus.

"Well, we went back for a good rest and to get replacements to fill up our ranks. This good long rest just lasted one night in the rain when we started for the Argonne Forests. Here we went through, for over a month, some of the

most desperate fighting of the whole war. We had the celebrated Prussian Guards against us, and they were there to die, all with machine guns. When our men would drive them out of their machine gun nests, they would come around our right flank and set themselves in our rear, thus making it impossible for us to get assistance from our batteries in the rear. This fact also made the very front line as safe as anywhere. How I ever came out alive is due to the prayers of my dear ones and friends. I certainly never expected to see the U. S. A. again. There was nothing to do, but wait to see just what shell or bomb or machine gun was to have the honor of doing the job.

"Finally on the last big drive we broke this line, and the retreat started that ended in the armistice.

"DANIEL J. LYNCH, S.J.,
"Lieut. Chaplain."

ROME. *Notes from Father Charles Macksey.*—With the new year the Roman Province received a new provincial, Father Charles Miccianelli, former rector of the Instituto Maximo, our combination day and boarding school at Rome, to which school the former provincial, Father Dell'Olio has been appointed.

At the end of January all of Ours present in Rome, to the number of nearly two hundred, gathered at the Gregorian University in the class-room of Long-Course Dogma to listen to an exhortation given to us by Father General. It was the first occurrence of the kind since the return of Father Roothan to Rome some sixty years ago.

Taking his text from the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, "It is not for you to know the times or moments which the Father has put in His own power: but * * * you shall be witnesses unto me * * * even to the uttermost part of the earth," Father General set succinctly before us the present condition of the world, the need and opportunity of reconstruction, and the duty of all of us, as prefects, teachers, professors, *operarii* and writers, and humble helpers of all the rest, to do our part towards the betterment of mankind both temporal and especially spiritual.

He recalled to us the proximate end of our labors,—to spread the knowledge of Christ and of His teaching, together with the love of His Sacred Heart, and indicated how in the acknowledged failure of science without God there was arising a movement back to religion, of which we must take advantage to help save the world.

He unfolded from the first three paragraphs of the tenth part of the Constitutions the means placed before us by St. Ignatius to accomplish our purpose. First, union with God in prayer, and chiefly in the Holy Sacrifice, the Divine Office,

and the common prayers of rule or custom in the Society. Secondly, the extirpation of our own evil inclinations, especially of self-indulgence and of self-love, and the building up within us of solid virtue. Thirdly, the development and use of the natural gifts God has bestowed upon each of us for His divine purpose; always, however, for Him, and with our chief reliance upon His Grace.

He finally recalled to us in Rome how we dwelt in the home of the Martyrs, stimulating us by their example, refining us by their devout memory, aiding us by their constant prayers; in the home of the Successor of St. Peter, guiding us, cheering us, setting us the example of St. Peter to love our Lord more than all the rest; at the centre of the Society, which calls on all of us, superiors and subjects alike, to set the pace with self-sacrifice and charity in learning, in zeal, in regular observance, seeking ever in our work and ministry the *greater* glory of God, remembering that the Roman Province was founded by St. Ignatius himself, and received from him his aims as well as his benediction.

Father General closed with an appeal to us to remember in the uncertainty of the times the certainty and security of the cause of Christ and of His Church, bidding us renew on the coming feast of the Purification our offering of ourselves to Him in the hands of our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, to burn out with the fire of the love of Jesus all earthly attachments, and inflame our desire to be witness unto Him unto the ends of the earth.

On the 23rd of February, at the Biblical Institute, Father John O'Rourke closed the season's public conferences with a paper on modern non-Catholic interpretations of the words of consecration, which was received by a crowded audience of English-speaking students and ecclesiastics as a most scholarly and interesting presentation of an important item of controversial criticism. It was Father O'Rourke's last piece of work for a spell. He has been obliged to give up his work as prefect of studies and professor for the rest of the scholastic year, owing to serious ear trouble (Minier's aural vertigo, the doctors call it) and withdrew to our old residence of the General (in the time of Father Beckx and Father Boursaud) in the Villa San Girolamo at Fiesole, on the hills just outside of Florence, whence the latest reports tell us that he is mending slowly, under the care of an expert specialist. He was booked for the panegyric of St. Patrick in the church of St. Patrick for the day of the feast, but of course had to surrender it, his place being taken by Father MacMahon, the sub-secretary for the English Assistancy, who gave us a simple and most interesting outline of the Irish people. On the same day Father Macksey

preached in the little church of the Irish Franciscans at St. Isidore's.

At the Gregorian, Father Vermeersch is continuing his activities as a writer, while filling with great satisfaction the chair of Moral Theology, left vacant by the death of Father Bucceroni. No less than three small books have been issued from his pen since his arrival, though most of the work on them was done before he left Belgium. One of special interests to Ours is his "Miles Christi," a series of meditations on the spirit of the Jesuit as brought out in the rules and constitutions. Father Mechineau, the senior professor of Scripture, has just passed to his reward in a ripe and meritorious old age, leaving his chair to Father Filograssi, the prefect of studies. The university has announced the appearance next November of the first issue of a Quarterly (with one issue omitted) Review. It will treat of philosophy and theology and though under the care of the faculty of the Gregorian will invoke the assistance of Ours all the world over for its contributors. It is not improbable that a year later the Biblical Institute will follow with a Review of Scriptural Studies. The community of the Gregorian is now settled down after partial army demobilization with fourteen fathers and twelve scholastics in theology and nine in philosophy, the community in all rising to the number of ninety. The total number of students attending the lectures this year does not quite reach four hundred.

Rome being one of the leave centres of recreation for the American troops in France, we always have a hundred or so of our doughboys in town. The chaplains too are coming along in turn, on leave; so far four of Ours have appeared. First came Father Rush Rankin, very trim and military as became the corps chaplain of the 5th Army Corps with over a hundred and thirty chaplains (mostly Protestants) under his jurisdiction. He has since lost that position, owing to the partial demobilization of the corps, and returned to his old position with the Third Division. In addition to the work of the ministry he had specialized in burying the dead of the corps, and is now dickering with school and lecture programmes for the troops. Next came Father John Morning from near Bordeaux, delighted that he reached France before the armistice was signed, but like all our forces, awaiting with desire the order to return home. Then appeared Father Richard O'Brien, from somewhere near Cologne. He is with the crack regiment of Marines and is quite content with his billet after four months with twelve hundred colored stevedores, not one of whom is a Catholic. He preached to them none the less, with the usual colored accompaniment of "Bless the Lord," "Hallelujah!" and "I'm with you, chap-

lain." But I must leave this all to him to tell some day. The last arrival up to date was Father Charles Ryan of the Missouri Province, who came down from the same station where Father Rankin is: in fact Father Rankin took over his work during his leave. He has been facing daily an Officers' Mess, which in complete ignorance of things Catholic and of the principles of logic not to mention ethics, insists on debating all the problems of religion and right that have arisen in the present emergency. They look with great respect on the Catholic chaplain's views, and have him pretty busy keeping up with them. All four of Ours saw the Holy Father and Father General; visited the historic spots, sacred and profane, and went away completely happy, barring the deep-down desires of home-going orders.

The Anima Christi.—The following analysis of the "Anima Christi" sent to us from Rome by Father Hagen may prove interesting to our readers. It holds the memory and fixes the attention on the several parts. It is remarkable too that the affections in the prayer succeed one another in logical order, and are distributed in stanzas of equal length. Whether the author had intended the division can only be decided from the earliest prints, long before the time of St. Ignatius.

ANIMA CHRISTI SANCTIFICA ME:

1. PER REDEMPTIONEM
Corpus Christi salva me
Sanguis Christi inebria me
Aqua lateris Christi lava me
Passio Christi comforta me.

2. PER UNIONEN AMORIS
O bone Jesu exaudi me
Intra vulnera Tua absconde me
Ne permittas me separari a Te
Ab hoste maligno defende me.

3. PER UNIONEN GLORIAE
In hora mortis meae voca me
Et jube me venire ad Te
Ut cum sanctis Tuis laudem Te
In saeculorum saecula.

Amen.

WORCESTER. *Holy Cross College.—Extraordinary Growth of the B. V. M. Sodality.*—Although the high standard for entrance into the Sodality and the exacting requirements for continuance in the same have been maintained, the membership this year has enjoyed a remarkable increase. Over two hundred students are in regular attendance and nearly all of these are engaged in some work of zeal either in or out of the College, but under the immediate direction

of the Moderators and the Board of Consultors.

Lenten Courses.—Rev. John M. Fox, S.J., conducted the Lenten services at St. Paul's Church, Worcester; and Rev. F. P. Donnelly, S.J., gave a series of sermons at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament. Both Fathers are well-known to the different congregations of Worcester.

College Orchestra Work.—At the invitation of the Knights of Columbus the college orchestra has made several trips to Ayer and entertained the wounded soldiers at Camp Devens.

Lectures by "Tom" Daly and Mrs. Kilmer.—Under the direction of the Senior and Junior classes respectively Mr. Daly, the well-known lecturer, editor and poet, and Mrs. Aline Kilmer, the wife of the celebrated convert, soldier, and poet, lectured to Worcester audiences and the college students during March.

K. K. Society.—Formal announcement has been made of the launching of the K. K. Society under the auspices of the *Purple* Staff. The new society marks a new departure in the way of organizations at the college, inasmuch as it is mainly honorary. The purpose of the society is to honor those graduates and undergraduates who possess literary talent above the ordinary. Two unique features are the admission to membership of such graduates as have made noteworthy contributions to literature, and the Advisory Senate wherein the graduate and undergraduate representatives co-operate with a faculty member in the literary management of the society. Mr. Raymond J. McInnis, S.J., is faculty counselor and representative in the Advisory Senate, of which John H. Fallon, '19, of Worcester, Mass., is chairman. As yet the society has not elected a graduate representative, but it is hoped that an alumnus, well known in literary circles, will be invited to a place in the senate.

New Chapel.—The new chapel to be erected at Holy Cross College will serve as a memorial to all the alumni who served in the world war. It is to be a monument to those who made the supreme sacrifice and to all other sons of Holy Cross who were connected with any branch of the service. It will be in every sense of the word a Holy Cross Memorial Chapel of the great world war. Upwards of 500 who made their studies at the college gave their services to the army, navy and marine corps, and as a tribute to this great roll of honor, one of the most notable of Holy Cross structures will be added to the fine group that already crowns Mt. St. James.

The chapel will be built on the site between the O'Kane building and Beaven hall, and the preliminary construction work will probably be started in the fall.

Rev. James J. Carlin, S.J., president of the college, states that, while the plans have not been completed, it may be possible to begin the building at that time.

The new chapel will cost approximately $150,000, and, according to tentative plans, will have a seating capacity for 1,000. The enrollment at Holy Cross is about 600 students, and if the steady growth of the institution in recent years is any criterion, the time is not far distant when the classes will have a membership of 1,000.

The present chapel, which is located in the main college building, has a seating capacity of something more than 500 and is now scarcely large enough to accommodate the students at the regular services.

With the completion of the new building it is proposed to transform the present chapel into a large college library. Because of the height of the chapel auditorium it will be possible to build galleries such as are to be found in modern libraries of today.

The diamond jubilee celebration, which did not take place last year because of the war, will in all probability not be observed in the manner planned for 1918. Instead it is now planned to have the dedication of the chapel constitute the chief event of the diamond jubilee.

Contributions to the diamond jubilee fund are coming in and already about $70,000 have been received. The campaign to secure the fund was not carried out because of America's entrance in the war, but despite this the large amount stated has been given by alumni and other friends.

The diamond jubilee fund, under the present plan of commemorating the 75th anniversary of the college with the erection and dedication of a memorial chapel, will be used for the construction of the latter.

The authorities at Holy Cross have received letters from alumni in all sections of the country favoring the plan of combining the diamond jubilee fund and the memorial chapel fund.

A letter of appeal for the combined fund has been sent to alumni and non-graduates. Father Carlin recently attended reunions of the Connecticut Alumni association in Hartford and the Holy Cross club of Northeastern Pennsylvania in Scranton, at which the plan for the memorial chapel was enthusiastically received.

Visit of General Edwards.—Major-General Clarence R. Edwards and staff, accompanied by Mayor Pehr Holmes, of Worcester, surprised the faculty and students of the college with the pleasure of his visit early in February. An informal reception was held in Fenwick Hall in honor of the famous commander of the Twenty-sixth Division. Rev.

James J. Carlin, S.J., introduced the distinguished guest amid resounding cheers. General Edwards took occasion to pay his respects to and express his deep affection for the priests of the Society of Jesus, whom he learned to know at Fordham early in his military career. After relating some incidents of the battle lines the speaker was eloquent in his praise for the Holy Cross men who were in his division, mentioning in glowing tribute the names of Rev. Michael J. O'Connor, and Rev. George S. L. O'Connor, "whose work under fire was an inspiration to the men in the command." Holy Cross, faculty and students, deeply appreciate the honor of General Edwards' visit,—the honor of being host to a heroic Yankee leader.

Home News. *Victory Loan.*—Reverend Father Provincial wrote to urge all at Woodstock to do all in their power for the success of the Victory Liberty Loan, which was to open on April 21st. The success which attended our labors in behalf of the Fourth Liberty Loan encouraged him in the hope that a considerable return might be made to the Government through our efforts. Congressman Carville D. Benson, Chairman of Baltimore County Victory Loan Committee, made Woodstock an official agency and Mr. John P. Gallagher and Mr. Robert I. Gannon were appointed as the theologians' and philosophers' representatives respectively; $57,500 were subscribed and credited to the Second District of Baltimore County through our efforts. In recognition of the good work accomplished, Congressman Benson presented us with an American flag, while the United States Treasury Department awarded us an Industrial Honor Emblem and bestowed a splendid medal on Reverend Father Rector. In addition, we received a letter of commendation from the War Loan Organization. The newspapers of Baltimore City and County carried very favorable accounts of the work we accomplished.

Installation of Electric Lights.—A few years ago, the McCall Ferry Power Company made investigations as to the feasibility of extending their electric lines through this district, and there was some hope of introducing electric lighting in the College. The plan was never carried through, and there seemed no possibility of an escape from the old-fashioned oil-lamps. In fact, conditions became worse, for the use of acetylene gas in the corridors and refectory, due to the prohibitive war prices, had also to be discontinued. The problem of installing a private electric system, though often discussed, was never practically considered, until Mr. William Storck, S.J., laid the matter before Superiors and finally won their approval. Mr. Wil-

liam Reppetti, S. J., who has had wide practical experience in this line was put in charge of the work, and after six months the lights became a reality. Two dynamos, of 20 and 40 kilowatts have been placed in the engine room, operating a new refrigerating plant and about 600 lamps in the main college building, in the White House and in St. Michaels Hall; provision has also been made for extending the lines to the printing shop and the laundry. The remarkable part of the undertaking is that it has been accomplished entirely by the scholastics. From the inception of the work in October last till its completion in April, the scholastics have nobly cooperated and worked most zealously. It was an immense undertaking to wire every one of the three hundred and more private rooms, the corridors, basement and common rooms, to dig the trenches and lay the main lines from the engine room to the college, and to place the switchboards and dynamos in position and make all the connections and adjustments. The work, though long and tedious, was not allowed to interfere with the studies or class, but was done at the sacrifice of holidays and recreation periods. It was a splendid example of that typical spirit of hearty cooperation and generosity, so characteristic of Woodstock. The cost of the installation has thus been lessened by thousands of dollars and the work has been done most carefully and thoroughly. The inspectors of the Insurance Company, after examining the whole system most minutely, paid a high tribute to the excellence of the work.

Refrigerating Plant.—A refrigerating plant, operated electrically, has also been installed, thus saving the cutting and hauling or buying of some 200 tons of ice each year. The three refrigerators are of concrete, and have been built according to the most modern and hygienic principles.

Golden Jubilee.—The golden jubilee of the Scholasticate at Woodstock will be celebrated in October.

Academy in Honor of St. Thomas Aquinas.—The feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, patron of the Theologians, was honored by an Academy with the following program:

Overture, "Ernani" (Verdi), Orchestra. Poem, "Vicisti Galilæe" (1, Prologue; 2, The Sowing; 3, The Reaping; 4, Epilogue), Mr. Joseph A. Mulry. Selection, "Watchman What of the Night" (Sargeant-Salter), Glee Club. "The Hand of Luther in the World War," Father W. H. McClellan. Cornet Solo (a) "Goodbye" (Tosti); (b) "Killarney," (Balfe), Mr. Edward Cunningham. Selection "Sounds of Joy" (Ferrazzi), Orchestra. "The Spirit of Joan of Arc in the World War," Mr. F. X. Downey. Selection, "A Heart Picture (Scott-Thibbitts), Quartette.

"Mediæval and Modern Apologetics," Father J. W. Parsons. Selection, "The Long Road" (Sabin), Glee Club. Finale, "Chorus from Attila" (Verdi), Orchestra.

Spring Disputations.—The spring disputations were held on April 11 and 12. In theology: *De Ecclesia,* Mr. F. Downey, defender; Messrs. J. A. Dougherty and C. H. Hessell, objectors. *De Vera Religione,* Mr. F. A. McQuade, defender; Messrs. J. A. Mulry and F. X. Talbot, objectors. In philosophy: *Ex Ethica,* Mr. J. T. O'Brien, defender; Messrs. J. G. Conroy and F. X. Dougherty, objectors. *Ex Cosmologia,* J. J. Lynch, defender; Messrs. T. J. Feeney and D. V. McCauley, objectors. *Ex Critica,* Mr. J. J. Crowley, defender; Messrs. J. A. Lennon and J. E. McManus, objectors. History of Philosophy: *"The Theory of the State in Plato and Aristotle,"* Essayist, Mr. J. A. Reilly. Physics: *"The Internal Combustion Engine,"* Lecturer, "Mr. W. J. Murphy."

Academies.—The programs of the Theologians and Philosophers' Academies for the scholastic year 1918-1919 are as follows:

Theologians' Academy.—October 24, "The Bible in Anglican Hands," Father W. H. McClellan. November 7, "The Vestments of the Mass," Father C. J. Deane. November 21, "St. Thomas' Arguments *'Ex Congruentiis,'* " Father J. W. Parsons. December 19, "The Pre-Abrahamic Red Sea and the Pentapolis," Father N. Saenz. January 9, "The Physiological Effects of the Drug Habit," Mr. J. P. Gallagher. January 23, "The Question of Chinese Rites," Mr. P. D'Elia. February 6, "Making the Industrial World Safe for Democracy," Mr. C. G. Herzog. February 27, "Buddhist Monasticism," Mr. F. X. Doyle. March 13, "The Growth of Liturgical Chant," Mr. E. S. Swift. March 27, "The Criminal Law of the Church," Mr. W. Lonergan.

Philosophers' Academy.—October 2, "Ethical Aspects of the War," Mr. W. A. Carey. October 23, Debate, Resolved: "That the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution as Proposed by Congress Should be Adopted"; Affirmative, Mr. L. H. O'Hare, Mr. J. Merrick; Negative, Mr. H. Mulqueen, Mr. R. A. Hewitt. November 6, "Human Testimony at the Front," Mr. R. R. Goggin. November 20, "The Spirit World Since 1914," Mr. E. M. Sullivan. December 18, Debate, Resolved: "That Japan is Justified in Adopting a Doctrine Similar to the Monroe Doctrine and Applicable in the Far East"; Affirmative, Mr. R. H. Martin, Mr. W. J. Murphy; Negative, Mr. P. J. Sweeny, Mr. R. A. Boudreau. January 15, "Physics on the Line of Battle," Mr. S. F. McNamee. January 29, Debate, Resolved: "That in Time of

War the Government Should Exercise Absolute Control Over the Press in Matters Pertaining to the War;" Affirmative, Mr. M. J. Dougherty, Mr. R. E. Sheridan; Negative, Mr. J. E. McCarl, Mr. S. A. Mulcahey. February 12, "Chemicals in Modern Warfare," Mr. J. P. Reith. February 26, Debate, Resolved: "That Secret Treaties Between Nations Should be Abolished;" Affirmative, Mr. F. A. Mulligan, Mr. J. B. Muenzen; Negative, Mr. P. J. Higgins, Mr. B. V. Shea. March 26, "The Present Crisis and Liberty of Thought," Mr. R. A. Dyson. April 9, "The Aeroplane and Victory," Mr. E. E. McCarthy.

Philosophers' Ratio Academy.—Autumn Term.—October 10, Business Meeting.. October 17, "Hints on Teaching Greek," Mr. F. X. Downey. October 24, "Prelection in Horace," Mr. J. A. Waldron. November 7, "History in First Year High," Mr. F. X. Talbot. November 14, "Prelection in Greek Author," Mr. W. A. Carey. November 21, "The Boys' Library," Mr. G. G. Hogan. Winter Term.—December 12, "Prelection in History of First Year," Mr. F. X. Dougherty. December 19, "On Teaching Civics," Mr. F. A. McQuade. January 9, "Prelection in Civics," Mr. R. I. Gannon. January 16, "English Composition in Third Year High," Mr. J. A. Dougherty. January 23, "On Teaching Catechism," Mr. A. M. Thibbitts. January 30, "Prelection in English Composition," Mr. J. J. Reilly. February 13, "On Teaching Caesar," Mr. J. J. Brown. February 27, "Hints on Teaching Latin Syntax," Mr. J. A. Mulry. March 13, "Prelection in Caesar," Mr. J. E. Grattan. March 20, "Some Neglected Sources of Literary Criticism," Moderator. April 3, Final Meeting.